

D O N C A R L O S,

P R I N C E R O Y A L

O F

S P A I N :

A N

H I S T O R I C A L D R A M A,

From the German

O F

F R E D E R I C K S C H I L L E R,

AUTHOR OF THE ROBBERS, FIESCO, CABAL AND LOVE, &c.

BY

THE TRANSLATORS OF FIESCO.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

1798.

Don Carlos

22

From the German

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FREDERICK SCHILLER

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THE TRANSLATORS OF BYRON

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PRINTED FOR W. MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

2071

PREFACE.

THE character of SCHILLER, as a dramatic writer, is fully established in this country, by the several translations, which have already appeared of his works. DON CARLOS was the only one, which remained to be presented to the English reader—a production, which, in its native tongue, has been justly considered as surpassing all his others, both in the extent of its design, and in the manner of its execution. The subject is highly interesting, being founded on historical events of considerable magnitude, and affording great room for the display of passion, and moral sentiment.

Philip the Second of Spain, a monarch of no less ambition than bigotry, married Elizabeth

of Valois, (eldest daughter of Henry the Second of France,) who, it is said, had been previously betrothed to his son Carlos. It is known, that this unhappy Prince was put to death, at the age of twenty-three, by command of his father, under cover of a sentence of the inquisition ; but the motives of this mysterious piece of cruelty are differently related. Carlos had conceived a violent resentment against the Duke of Alva, and the other ministers of Philip, who advised the bloody persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands. This high-spirited young Prince had openly remonstrated against some of these proceedings, and finding his exertions of no avail, had resolved, as was asserted, to put himself at the head of the insurgents. To these political reasons for Philip's unnatural hatred of his son, some authors have added, that of jealousy. Carlos, they pretend, could never divest himself of that affection for his mother-in-law, which the prospect of an union with her had formerly created in his breast ; and Philip seeing, or

imagining in the Queen a return of love for the Prince, sacrificed his wife and son to his suspicions. Certain it is, that both these murders were publicly laid to the charge of Philip, in his own life-time, by the Prince of Orange, who declared that they were committed, merely to enable that monarch to effect a marriage with his own niece, Anne of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand.

Connected, as these events are, with the great revolution, which delivered Europe from the tyranny of the Romish church, the poet has been led to interweave with the delineation of private feelings, many of those great public transactions, whose consequences have reached to our own times, and with which the historical information of Mr. SCHILLER renders him perfectly acquainted*.

* Besides his dramatic excellence, Mr. Schiller has obtained no less reputation in history, of which he is professor at the university of Jena. His lectures on this science are very celebrated, and he has given to the world

Of the nature of the Historical Drama it is unnecessary to say much. That species of composition, of which Shakspeare himself has left so many models, is not to be circumscribed within the narrow limits of the ancient drama, from which it totally differs. Schiller has not, in his *Don Carlos*, composed a work, adapted to theatrical representation; but has rather given a dramatic form to those great leading principles and events which he wished to hold up as important lessons to mankind. But as, on the one hand, he is not restrained to the common rules of the drama, so he is, on the other, freed from the minutiae of historical accuracy. The outline is sketched by the narrator, the coloring filled up by the poet.

In applying these observations to the work the following historical productions: 1. *History of the Thirty Years War*.—2. *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands*.—3. *History of the remarkable Rebellions in ancient Times and in the middle Ages*.—4. *A Collection of Historical Memoirs from the 12th Century to the present Times*.

before us, the judgment exercised by the author will appear deserving of no small degree of praise.

The story is built upon the double ground of Carlos's love for the Queen, and his interest in the fate of the Netherlands; and the arrangement of the plot and characters is so contrived, as to excite a strong sympathy with the former, whilst it ultimately tends to enhance and exalt the latter. Among the very various traits, which different historians have given of the character of Philip, those only are selected, which by affecting the springs of terror and pity, are most suited to the great ends of tragedy. All the splendid miseries, all the imposing vices of the tyrant are delineated, without exciting disgust at the degrading meanness of the man.

Several of the Spanish nobility testified a strong attachment to the Prince Royal in his misfortunes. One of these, the Marquis of

Posa, becomes a leading character in this Drama, presenting at once a picture of disinterested friendship, pure benevolence, and penetrating sagacity. His liberal and enlightened views of policy form a striking contrast with the despotism of Philip, whilst his generous devotion to the cause of humanity serves to exalt and dignify that, which he shows toward his friend. In attributing to his genius and abilities the plan of that revolution, which freed the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke, the author seems to have deviated from the track of history, in order to give a greater scope and interest to his fable.

With the same view, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which did not happen until twenty years after the death of Carlos, is brought within the time of the drama. This circumstance is with great judgment introduced, to mark in Philip that magnanimity, which, joined to his penetration and vigilance, served as a counterpoise to the vicious

part of his character: for it is not the mere existence of evil, but its combination with great energies, which makes it a fit subject for poetic delineation.

Among the historical facts, with which our author has enriched his drama, though not strictly belonging to the narration, we may also reckon the siege of Malta (1565), in which the fortitude of the Grand Master, La Valette, and the heroism of the knights excited such universal admiration.

Other circumstances are, with no less propriety, interwoven in the course of the work. In the character of the Grand Inquisitor, the power of that formidable tribunal is forcibly depicted. Philip's behaviour toward his father is touched with a delicate hand; his sensuality is well described, in his amour with the Princess of Eboli; and his imperious treatment of his ministers, in his conduct toward Alva and Dominick.

The history of this Monarch has furnished the subject of a dramatic production, in the French language, attributed to Mercier*; but though it bears some features of similitude to the present work of Schiller, there is a striking difference in the execution.

In transfusing the spirit of the German original into the English language, we hope it will appear, that some advantage has resulted from the co-operation of two individuals, respectively natives of each country. Upon this principle we proceeded in our translation of *FIESCO*; and we had, in that instance, the satisfaction to find our opinion confirmed by the authority of Mr. Schiller himself, who has given us the most flattering marks of approbation†.

* *Portrait de Philippe II. Roi d'Espagne.*

† In a letter to one of the Translators, he says, "It appears to me to be a happy thought, that in a work of this kind, where an intimate knowledge of two living languages is required, two persons should unite their exertions, so that each language might have its representative."

We have further to notice, that the whole work is written in the Iambic metre, or blank verse: and it would be an injustice in us to pass over the distinguished merits of our Author's versification, which is at once energetic and fluent. This, which constitutes so great an ornament of the original, we have been induced, by forcible reasons, to decline attempting, in the present translation; convinced that an accurate copy in prose would be preferable to a faint and hasty imitation in metre. Whatever the work may have lost in this respect, we have endeavoured to compensate by the attention bestowed upon the characteristic peculiarities of the Author's language and sentiments. These were our chief objects, in which, if we have at all succeeded, we shall not think, that our labor has been employed in vain.

G. H. NOEHDEN.

J. STODDART.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP II. *King of Spain.*

ELIZABETH of VALOIS, *his Consort.*

DON CARLOS, *the Prince Royal.*

ALEXANDER FARNESE, *Prince of PARMA, Nephew to the King.*

The Princess Royal, CLARA EUGENIA, *a child of three years old.*

The Duchess of OLIVAREZ, First Lady of the Court.

The Marchioness of MONDECAR,

The Princess of EBOLI,

The Countess of FUENTES,

} *Ladies of the Court.*

Marquis of POSA, a Knight of Malta,

FERDINAND of TOLEDO, *Duke of ALVA,*

Count of LERMA, Colonel of the Life Guards,

Duke of FERIA, a Knight of the Golden Fleece,

Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA, High Admiral,

DON RAIMOND of TAXIS, Postmaster General,

} *Grandeess of Spain.*

DOMINICK, *Confessor to the King.*

The CARDINAL, GRAND INQUISITOR of Spain.

PRIOR of a Carthusian Monastery.

A PAGE, attendant on the Queen.

DON LOUIS MERCADO, Physician to the Queen.

Ladies, Grandeess, Pages, Officers, Guards, &c.

DON CARLOS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*The Royal Garden at Aranjuez.**

Don CARLOS. DOMINICK.

DOMINICK.

THE pleasing hours of Aranjuez at length are at an end. Your Royal Highness leaves it unmoved; and we've in vain endeavour'd to dispel your melancholy. (CARLOS casts his eyes on the ground, and remains silent.)—Break this mysterious silence, Prince! Open your heart to the sympathizing bosom of a father! The quiet of a son—an only son—cannot be too dearly purchased by a monarch. Your father's power is unbounded. Is it possible that Heaven, amidst all its kindness to

* A palace, seven Spanish miles from Madrid, on the river Tajo. T.

DON CARLOS.

you, should still have left one wish ungratified? I was present when, in Toledo's walls, the noble Carlos received the general homage of the princes, who press'd to kiss his hand. In one instant six kingdoms were prostrated before you. I stood, and view'd the high and youthful blood kindling in your cheeks; the princely emotions swelling in your bosom; I saw your eye range through the assembly, intoxicated with delight—and, Prince, that glance spoke plainly, "I am satisfied."—But yet—the still and solemn grief which for eight months has been written in your looks, is a mystery to the whole court, a cause of anxiety to the nation. Already has it cost many a sleepless night to the King, your father, and many a tear to your mother.

CARLOS.

(Turning round hastily.)—My mother!

DOMINICK.

(Starting.)—Prince!

CARLOS.

Oh! Heaven grant, I may forgive the man who made her my mother!

DOMINICK.

Prince!

CARLOS.

(Assuming a collected air.)—Most reverend Sir, I have been very unfortunate in my mothers. The first action of my life was a mother's murder.

DOMINICK.

Can this pass as a crime upon your conscience?

CARLOS.

And my new mother—has she not already cost me a father's love?—a love too soon estranged; for I had no other merit than that of being his only son. She has given him a daughter, and who knows what the dark scenes of futurity conceal?

DOMINICK.

This is trifling, Prince. All Spain adores its Queen; and do you alone behold her with eyes of hatred? Do her looks, for the first time, awaken in your bosom a jealous prudence? How, Prince! The loveliest of a lovely sex! She, whose every gesture is stamp'd with majesty! on whom scarce two and twenty summers yet have bloom'd! and who is queen—and once betroth'd to you—Impossible! Incredible! Unheard of!—You cannot alone hate what all admire. You cannot be so strangely opposite to nature. Beware Prince, lest your mother perceive her son's contempt! The wound would be too keen.

CARLOS.

You think so?

DOMINICK.

Has your Highness forgotten the last tournament at Saragossa, when a splinter'd lance grazed

our beloved monarch? The Queen, encircled by her ladies, sat on the middle balcony of the palace, and view'd the combat. Suddenly a cry was heard—"The King is wounded." All was confusion, and a doubtful murmur reach'd the Queen. Rushing forward, as if she would have thrown herself from the balcony, she shriek'd—"The Prince?"—"No," her attendants answered, "it is the King himself."—"Then hasten for the physicians," said she, and seem'd to breathe again with freedom. (*A pause.*)—Prince, you are lost in thought.

CARLOS.

I am admiring the witty confessor, whose memory is stored with such instructive lessons. Yet—(*with a gloomy earnestness*) I have heard that spies and tale-bearers have work'd more mischief in the world, than the assassin's steel or poison. Your trouble, Sir, might have been spared. If you look for thanks, go to the King!

DOMINICK.

Prince, you do well. Caution in human intercourse is needful; but judge with candour, and confound not together the hypocrite and friend. I mean well to you.

CARLOS.

Then let my father know it not: else you will lose your promised purple.

DOMINICK.

(Starting.) How!

CARLOS.

Did he not promise you the first purple, which Spain shall have to give?

DOMINICK.

You mock me, Prince.

CARLOS.

Forbid it, Heaven, that I should mock that man, whose single word can raise my father's soul to bliss, or sink it to perdition.

DOMINICK.

I would not venture, Prince, to penetrate into the sanctuary of your grief. I only beg your Highness to remember, that to the afflicted mind the church presents a refuge, which kings themselves dare never violate, and where even crimes lie undisturbed beneath the seal of sacramental secrecy.

CARLOS.

No! far be it from me to tempt the keeper of that seal!

DOMINICK.

Prince, these suspicions!—You wrong your faithful servant.

CARLOS.

Then you had better leave me. *(Takes him by the hand.)* You are an holy man. The world

knows that well; yet I'll speak plainly: your way, most reverend father, is long and tedious, ere you can sit down in Peter's sacred chair. Much knowledge might overburthen you. Go! Tell this to the King, who sent you hither!

DOMINICK.

Sent me?

CARLOS.

I said it. Oh, too well, too well I know, that I am beset with traitors. I know, that in this court, a hundred eyes are ever turned upon me. I know, King Philip has sold his only son to the vilest slaves, and pays for every syllable, which they extort from me, a price more noble, than he e'er bestow'd on deeds of virtue. I know——But, peace, my heart! No more of that! I've said too much already.

DOMINICK.

The King, Sir, means to reach Madrid this evening. The court already is assembling to attend him. I wait your Highness' pleasure.

CARLOS.

Go on! I'll follow you. (*Exit DOMINICK.* CARLOS, *after a pause, continues.*) Unhappy Philip! No less unhappy than thy son! Even now the pois'nous fang of serpent jealousy rankles in thy soul. Thy alarmed suspicion pursues a horrid secret; and madly wilt thou rave when 'tis reveal'd.

This is no common evil. Thy treasures may be scatter'd; thy fleets o'erwhelm'd by tempests—Rebellion's waves may dash against thy throne—All this undaunted may'st thou brave—But——

SCENE II.

Don CARLOS. Marquis of POSA.

CARLOS.

O ye kind angels!—My Rodrigo!—

MARQUIS.

My Carlos!

CARLOS.

Is it possible? Is it real? Art thou?—O yes, thou art my friend. I press thee to my soul, and feel thy own beating with warmth against my bosom. Now all is well again: and whilst, in this embrace, I hang on my Rodrigo's neck, my sick heart recovers.

MARQUIS.

Your sick heart?—Sick?—And, all is well again? What, then, was ill? What needed remedy? Carlos, your words amaze me.

CARLOS.

But what brings thee back so unexpectedly from Brussels? Whom must I thank for so joyful a surprise?—And, ask I, whom? Forgive the blas-

phemy of my bewilder'd senses, O highest Providence! Whom should I thank, but thee, All-merciful! Thou saw'st, that Carlos needed a consoling angel; thou sentest thy Rodrigo—and do I doubt, to whom my thanks are due?

MARQUIS.

Forgive me, dearest Prince, if I answer these tumultuous raptures only with astonishment. It was not thus, that I expected to find King Philip's son. Never before did Carlos meet my embrace with such ungovern'd transport. A burning glow reddens your pale cheek; a feverish trembling moves your lips. Is this the lion-hearted youth, to whom an oppress'd heroic nation sends me? For I come not now as Rodrigo; not as the boyish playfellow of young Carlos; but, deputed from the wrong'd human race, I throw myself before you. Kneeling thus, the provinces of Flanders pour their tears into your bosom, and solemnly implore of you salvation. The dreadful time is come, which ends their very hopes of liberty. Philip, with a tyrant's fury, rages in the midst of free-born Brabant: and your beloved provinces are undone, if Alva, the bloody executioner of fanatic laws, shall fix the Spanish yoke on Brussels. These noble countries have no refuge, but in the illustrious grandson of their great emperor Charles. That only hope must fail, when his exalted heart forgets to beat for human nature.

DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

It must fail, indeed ! I have nought but tears to give : and those tears my own sufferings demand. Heaven has abandoned me.—Why, then, should I care for men ?

MARQUIS.

In these words I do not trace my Carlos ; I do not trace the noble youth, who, in the general corruption, alone remain'd untainted ; who stood erect and firm amidst the giddiness of Europe, and push'd boldly from his lips the hemlock draught of popery, with which for nearly twice ten centuries the world had been intoxicated ! Is this he, who freed insulted humanity from the gripe of priestcraft, from dissembled kingly sanctity, and from the zealot fury of a superstitious nation ?

CARLOS.

Speakest thou of me ? Mistaken man ! I, too, once pictured to myself a Carlos, in whose cheek the very name of freedom kindled a ready flame. But he's no more !—The Carlos, whom thou seest, is not the same, who bade thee adieu at Alcala. Nor he, whose youthful boldness whisper'd him, that Spain beneath his sway might emulate the paradise of God. Oh ! vain, indeed, were such ideas !—Yet they were lovely—but the dream is fled !

c

DON CARLOS.

MARQUIS.

The dream, Prince ! And was it but a dream ?

CARLOS.

O let me weep—weep, on thy heart, my only friend, these hot and gushing tears !—For, on this boundless globe, far as my father's sceptre spreads its sway, far as navigation bears his dreaded flag, there is no spot, where I can pour out my tears—none but thy heart, Rodrigo ! Oh ! by all the hopes, which we both have in Heaven, bereave me not of this last refuge ! Drive me not from this beloved spot ! (*The Marquis bends over him in silent emotion.*) Look on me as an orphan cast by chance before the throne. I know not, what it is to have a father ; I am a king's son. Oh ! if the suggestions of my heart be true ; if, out of millions, thou alone canst understand my soul ; if creative nature has but form'd again in Carlos a Rodrigo ; and in the morn of life has tuned our minds to sweetest harmony ; if the tear that gives me this relief, is dearer to thee than a monarch's smile—

MARQUIS.

—Dearer than life itself.

CARLOS.

I am fallen so low—so poor am I become, that I must call to thy remembrance our days of childhood ; must beseech thee to pay a long-forgotten debt, which was contracted even in those

tender years, when thou and I, two boys of wild and artless manners, grew up in fellowship as brothers. I felt no pain, but to behold thy tow'ring spirit eclipse my own: and when, 'at length, I found I could not equal thee, I at least resolved to give thee all my love. I strove to win thy heart by a thousand courtesies and boyish proofs of tenderness, to which thou madest a cold return. Oft have I stood, and, though thou saw'st it not, the hot and heavy drops hung on my eyelids, when thou, neglecting me, didst press the sons of vassals in thy arms. "Why," cried I, mournfully, "why these alone? Am I not also dear to thee?" But thou didst kneel in cold and silent state before me. "This service," saidst thou, "is due to the king's son."

MARQUIS.

Oh! cease these childish tales, Prince! Even now they make me blush.

CARLOS.

This treatment I deserved not. Thou couldst despise or torture me, but couldst not make me forsake thee. Thrice did thy prince stand before thee as a beggar, to demand thy love, and force his own upon thee: thrice didst thou turn him back. At length an accident effected what the prayers of Carlos had so long sought in vain. It chanced one day in our sports, that thy ball struck my aunt, the Queen of Bohemia. She, thinking 'twas an

intended injury, hastened in tears to tell the King, my father. All the youths of the palace were summoned to appear, that the offender might be detected; and the King threaten'd a tremendous punishment, even on his son, should he prove guilty. Then saw I thee stand trembling at a distance: I, at once, rush'd forth, and prostrate at my father's feet, cried out, "'Twas I that did it. 'Let fall your wrath upon your son.'"

MARQUIS.

Ah! why remind me, Prince, of this?

CARLOS.

His wrath fell on me. In the sight of all the courtiers, who pitying stood around, the slavish punishment was inflicted on thy Carlos: I look'd on thee and wept not. With the pain my teeth gnash'd together: but I wept not. Beneath the merciless lash my royal blood flow'd down: I look'd on thee, and wept not. The King, at this youthful boldness, was enraged. Twelve dreadful hours did he compel me to linger in a gloomy dungeon. Never had my obstinate resolution to win Rodrigo's love, cost me so much. At length thou camest, and, weeping aloud, didst cast thyself before me. "Yes! yes!" thou saidst, "my pride 'is overcome. This debt will I repay when thou 'art king.'"

MARQUIS.

(Grasping his hand.) And I will pay it. The promise which, as a boy, I made, here, as a man, do I renew. My time perhaps will come—

CARLOS.

Now, now, Rodrigo. Oh! delay it not. The time is come. I need thy love.—

MARQUIS.

Love, dearest Carlos, is the only thing, in which the son of Philip shall not find me his inferior.

CARLOS.

A horrid secret burns within my breast. It shall be reveal'd. In thy pale affrighted looks will I read the sentence of my death. Listen! Shudder with horror; but reply not.—I love—the Queen, my mother.

MARQUIS.

Wretched Carlos!

CARLOS.

No. I reject thy pity. Speak plainly! Say that on all this earth there's no one, whose sufferings can match with mine.—Speak! Thou canst not tell me more, than I already know. I know, it is a son that loves his mother. The ordinances of nature, the customs of the world, the laws of Rome forbid it.—But in vain.—My passion boldly tramples on my father's rights. I know all this; and yet I

love. The path I tread, leads but to death or madness. My love is hopeless—criminal—beset with mortal anguish, and life-threatening peril—and yet I love.

MARQUIS.

Does the Queen know your passion?

CARLOS.

Could I reveal it to her? She is the wife of Philip; she is this country's Queen. Watch'd by my father's sleepless jealousy, hemm'd in by courtly etiquette, how could I e'er approach her unperceived? Eight torturing months have past, since the King recalled me from the university to attend his court, since I have daily been condemned to hear her, to gaze upon her, and be silent as the grave—Eight torturing months, Rodrigo, whilst the flame has burnt within my bosom, whilst the hazardous avowal a thousand times has trembled on my lips, a thousand times has died away in coward silence. O my Rodrigo! that I had one little moment—short as the hasty prayer of the dying penitent—to be alone with her.

MARQUIS.

Your father, Prince! Think of your father!

CARLOS.

Cease, cruel man! why name my father to me? Speak of the sharpest pangs of conscience, but speak not of my father. Betwixt him and me the

adamantine bonds of nature are for ever torn asunder.

MARQUIS.

You hate your father !

CARLOS.

No ! ah, no, I do not hate him ; but his very name strikes to my soul a terror like the agonies of guilt. Am I to blame, that cold austerity nipt the op'ning buds of young affection in my heart ? I was six years old, when first the dreadful man they call'd my father, appeared before me. 'Twas on a morning, when, with careless haste, he sign'd four sentences of death. Thenceforward I never saw him, but to mark with punishment my youthful follies. Oh, God ! I feel that bitterness of soul o'ercomes me ! I must be gone—away ! away ! (*Going.*)

MARQUIS.

No, Prince. Unburden here your heart ! Sorrow may find relief in words.

CARLOS.

Often have I struggled with my soul ; often, at dead of night, when all around me slept, I've thrown myself before the holy image of the Virgin, and pray'd that she would warm my heart with filial love—My prayers were unheard. Ah, Rodrigo ! canst thou unriddle to me the decrees of Providence ? Canst thou tell why, among ten thousand fathers, this man was mark'd for mine ? Why I

alone, among ten thousand better sons, was given to him? Two more opposing contraries exist not within the sphere of Nature; yet has she bound together these two extremes of human kind, with the most sacred ties! Unhappy fate! What strong necessity impell'd it? Why did two beings, who never met before, agree so fatally in this one desire? Thou seest, Rodrigo, two hostile stars, which in the course of ages ne'er met but once, then big with mutual destruction, they rush'd together; but from the shock recoil'd eternally to endless distance.

MARQUIS.

Alas! I prophesy some terrible event.

CARLOS.

Such are my fears. Deadly forebodings like furies haunt me: my good genius seems, trembling, to contend with thoughts of horror: the miserable ingenuity of vice creeps through the labyrinths of sophistry, till at length it startles on a precipice. O Rodrigo! if I should ever forget in him the father—In thy death-like looks I read, that thou understandest me.—If I should forget in him the father, what would the king be to me?

MARQUIS.

(*After a pause.*)—May I venture, Carlos, to make one request? Whate'er you wish, however passion urges you, promise to resolve on nothing without your friend. Will you make this promise?

CARLOS.

All, all that friendship asks—I throw myself wholly into thy arms.

MARQUIS.

'Tis said the King means to return to Madrid. The time is short; if you would speak in secret to the Queen, no place so fit as this; the seclusion, the unembarrassed manners of the country, all favour it.

CARLOS.

That also was my hope; but, alas! it was in vain.

MARQUIS.

Not wholly so. I am going to wait on her. She knows, and she alone, the secret of our friendship. If she be still the same in Spain, as she was formerly in Henry's court, I shall find frankness in her. Then I may speak to her of her son.

CARLOS.

Heavenly thought!

MARQUIS.

Her heart speaks in her looks. If in these looks I read the hopes of Carlos—if she listen with pleasure to my discourse—if her ladies can be removed—

CARLOS.

Most of them are friendly to me—especially the Marchioness of Mondemar, whose son I have as page.

DON CARLOS.

MARQUIS.

Then, Prince, you will be ready to appear at a given signal.

CARLOS.

I will, I will—oh, hasten!

MARQUIS.

But what shall be the signal? 'Tis somewhat distant, and to venture nearer might be unsafe to both.

CARLOS.

(After some consideration.)—Yes; that may succeed—it must, it must. About this time she daily walks, with her attendants, in the gardens. The springs are all connected with the fountain of the Nereids, which you will see before the Queen's pavilion; fortunately they stand still at present; if you find means to open this single fountain, all the rest will play at the same instant, and I shall know my signal.

MARQUIS.

Well imagined! I will not lose a moment. Yonder, then, Prince, we meet again.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

SCENE III.

The Queen's Residence at Aranjuez.

*A simple rural Scene, crossed by an Avenue of Trees,
and terminated by the Queen's Palace.*

*The QUEEN. Duchefs of OLIVAREZ. Princess of
EBOLI, and Marchionefs of MONDECAR, all ad-
vancing from the Avenue.*

QUEEN.

(To the Marchionefs.)—I will have you about me, Mondecar. The gay looks of the Princess suit me ill this morning. See! she can scarce conceal her joy at returning to the capital.

EBOLI.

I own, most gracious Queen, that I shall see Madrid again with pleasure.

MONDECAR.

And will not your Majesty see it with the same pleasure? Shall you depart so reluctantly from Aranjuez?

QUEEN.

Yes; from these lovely scenes, at least. Here am I, as in my own world. This spot I long ago selected as my favourite; here rural nature, the lov'd

companion of my youthful years, greets me once more; here I retrace again my infant sports; here feel the gales of my dear France blow around me. Blame not this partial fondness; we all, methinks, prefer our native land.

MONDECAR.

What! do they so in France too?

EBOLI.

But how lonely, how sad and lifeless are we here! 'tis like the silence of a monastery.

QUEEN.

I rather find Madrid thus lifeless.—But what thinks my Duchess?

OLIVAREZ.

May it please your Majesty, it has ever been the custom, since there were kings in Spain, to pass one month here, another at the Pardo*, and the whole winter at Madrid.

QUEEN.

Well, Duchess, you know I have for ever resigned dispute with you.

MONDECAR.

And how gay it soon will be in Madrid! The

* A summer palace of the King of Spain, two Spanish miles from Madrid, on the river Mançanarez. T.

Plaza Major already is preparing for a bull-fight ; and they have promised us an *auto da fe*.

QUEEN.

Have promised us ! do I hear that from my tender Mondecár ?

MONDECAR.

Why not ? . They whom we see burned are but heretics.

QUEEN.

I hope my Eboli thinks otherwise of such events.

EBOLI.

I ! I humbly beg your Majesty to look on me as no worse Christian than the Marchioness.

QUEEN.

Ah ! I forget that I'm in Spain—no more of this—we were just now talking of rural pleasures. This month has hastened rapidly away. I expected from my stay here much joy—much joy indeed—but I've not found that which I hoped for. Is it so with all our wishes ?

OLIVAREZ.

Princess Eboli, you have not told us what hopes Gomez may entertain. May we soon salute you as a bride ?

QUEEN.

True. I thank you, Duchess, for reminding me. (*To the Princess.*) I am desired to intercede with you ; but how can I do that ? The man to whom I give my Eboli, should be indeed deserving.

OLIVAREZ.

That, Madam, Gomez is—a most deserving man—a man whom our gracious Sovereign publicly honors with his royal favor.

QUEEN.

That indeed will make him happy. But I would know if he can love with such a passion as merits a return of love. That, Eboli, I ask of you.

EBOLI.

(Remains in silence, her eyes fix'd on the ground. At last she falls at the feet of the Queen.)—Have pity on me, my generous Queen; let me not—for God's sake, let me not be sacrificed!

QUEEN.

Sacrificed! I want no more. Rise! To be sacrificed, is, indeed, a mournful fate. Rise! Is it long since you refused the Count?

EBOLI.

(Rising.)—Oh, many months. Prince Carlos was still at the university.

QUEEN.

(Starts, and looks at her with an inquisitive glance.)—Have you well examined the motives of your refusal?

EBOLI.

(Energetically.)—Never, my gracious Queen—never, for a thousand reasons, can I consent.

QUEEN.

(Very earnestly.)—More than one reason is too many. You cannot love him; that is enough for me. Say no more. *(To the other ladies.)* I have not yet to-day seen the Infanta. Marchioness, bring her to me.

OLIVAREZ.

(Looking at her watch.)—May it please your Majesty, it is not yet the hour.

QUEEN.

Not yet the hour for me to perform the duties of a mother? That is something hard. Pray you forget not to remind me of her arrival. *(A Page enters, and speaks in a low voice to the Duchess of Olivarez, who then addresses the Queen.)*

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis of Posa, may it please your Majesty.

QUEEN.

Posa!

OLIVAREZ.

He returns from France and the Netherlands, and requests the honour to present to your Majesty letters from the Queen Regent.

QUEEN.

And is that permitted ?

OLIVAREZ.

(With some hesitation.)—In my instructions no such case is noticed as that of a Castilian grandee waiting on a Queen of Spain in her garden, with letters from a foreign court.

QUEEN.

Then I will venture to agree to it, at my own risk.

OLIVAREZ.

At least I request your Majesty, that I may withdraw the while.

QUEEN.

As you please, Ducheſs. *(The Ducheſs retires, the Queen beckons to a Page, who alſo goes out.)*

SCENE IV.

The QUEEN, Princeſs of EBOLI, Marchioneſs of MONDECAR, and Marquis of POſA.

QUEEN.

Welcome, Chevalier, to Spain !

MARQUIS.

A country in which I never gloried with so just a pride as now.

QUEEN.

(*To the two ladies.*)—The Marquis of Posa in the tournament at Rheims broke a lance with my father, and thrice made my colours victorious. He was the first man who taught me to feel the glory of being a Spanish Queen. (*To the Marquis.*) When we last saw each other in the Louvre, Marquis, you dreamt not that you would be my guest here in Castile.

MARQUIS.

No, great Queen—for then I dreamt not that France would yield us the only thing we envied her.

QUEEN.

The only thing, proud Spaniard? Do you say this to a daughter of the House of Valois?

MARQUIS.

Madam, I say it to you now—for now you're ours.

QUEEN.

Your travels have taken you, I hear, through France. What do you bring from my much honour'd mother, and my dear brothers?

MARQUIS.

(*Presenting the letters.*)—I found the Queen Regent sick, and parted from all other worldly joys, but that of knowing her royal daughter happy on the Spanish throne.

QUEEN.

Can I be otherwise, with the dear remembrance of such relations? with the sweet recollection of—
But, Chevalier, you have in your travels seen many courts; and, as they tell me, visited half the north.—You staid long in London.

MONDECAR.

(*Looking at the Marquis with surprise.*)—In London!

EBOLI.

In London! Then the Chevalier has seen the Queen of the heretics—and how look'd she?

MARQUIS.

Almost as lovely as the Princess Eboli—on a throne.

EBOLI.

Lovely? Mondecar!

QUEEN.

And you now determine to live retired in your own country, to be a greater prince within your calm abode, than is King Philip on his throne—a

free man ! a philosopher !—I doubt much, whether you will like Madrid. Madrid is very — quiet.

MARQUIS.

And even that, the rest of Europe cannot boast.

QUEEN.

Absorb'd in the recollection of times past, I notice not the concerns of the world. One thing I've learnt, which I had not before imagined—I've learnt, how easy 'tis to be a Queen.

MARQUIS.

Doubtless—to those who are by nature fitted for such a station.

QUEEN.

(Looking stedfastly at the Marquis.)—The world has spoil'd you, Marquis. Scarcely do I recognise again that bold philosopher, who, incorrupt and fearless, dares to speak truth, even to a monarch.

MARQUIS.

Rather say, it is the boldest frankness to confess the truth, where certainly no flatterer would dare to do so.

QUEEN.

(To the Princess of Eboli.)—Yonder, methinks, Princess Eboli, I see a hyacinth—will you pluck it for me ? *(The Princess goes toward the spot, the Queen speaking to the Marquis in a lower voice.)* I

am much mistaken, Chevalier, if your arrival has not made one person at this court more happy.

MARQUIS.

I have found one very miserable, who can be only rendered happy by —— (*The Princess returning with the flower, he breaks off.*)

EBOLI.

Since the Chevalier has seen so many countries, he can doubtless tell us much that is remarkable.

MARQUIS.

Most certainly. To seek adventures is, as you know, a duty in a knight: to protect the ladies, a duty still more sacred.

MONDECAR.

To protect them against giants? But these exist no longer.

MARQUIS.

Power is always a giant to the weak,

QUEEN.

The Chevalier is right. There are still giants; but there are no knights.

MARQUIS.

Not long since, on my return from Naples, I was witness to an affecting story, which the sacred bequest of friendship makes my own. If I did not fear to weary your Majesty by the recital—

QUEEN.

Can I refuse? The curiosity of the Princess will suffer nothing to escape her. To the subject; for I too love to hear such tales.

MARQUIS.

Two noble houses in Mirandola, tired of the mutual jealousy and hatred, which had descended to them, thro' centuries, from the Guelfs and Gibellines, resolved to join in lasting peace together, and consecrate their union by a holy tie. Fernando and the divine Matilda,—the nephew of the mighty Pietro, and Colonna's daughter,—were the pair chosen for this happy marriage. Never had nature form'd two hearts more lovely, more suited to each other; never had the world admired a choice more fortunate. As yet, Fernando had adored his promis'd bride only in her picture; how did he tremble with ecstasy, on finding true, more than his warmest fancy ever painted. Fernando, detain'd in Padua by his studies, awaited only the happy moment, which should allow him to sigh out his passion at Matilda's feet. (*The Queen becomes more attentive. The Marquis continues, after a short pause, addressing himself chiefly to the Princess Eboli.*) Meanwhile the hand of Pietro was liberated by his consort's death. With the ardor of a youth he now devour'd the praises of Matilda, which fame so loudly celebrated; he saw—he loved! This new emotion stifled the softer

voice of reason. The uncle woos his nephew's bride, and consecrates his theft before the altar.

QUEEN.

And what resolves Fernando?—

MARQUIS.

On the wings of love, unconscious of the dreadful change, he hastened to Mirandola.—With the star-light he reach'd the gates; the bacchanalian noise of dance and music re-echo from the illuminated palace. Trembling with apprehension, he ascends the stairs, and finds himself, an unknown guest, in the resounding hall of wedlock, where high above the joyous crowd sat Pietro—by his side an angel—an angel whom Fernando knows at once, who never, even in dreams, had seem'd to him so beauteous. A single glance shows him what he had once possessed—shows him what now he had for ever lost.

EBOLI.

Unfortunate Fernando!

QUEEN.

The story is ended, Chevalier?—It must be ended.

MARQUIS.

No, not quite.

QUEEN.

Did you not say, Fernando was your friend?

MARQUIS.

The dearest friend I have.

EBOLI.

Pray, Chevalier, pursue the tale !

MARQUIS.

It grows most sad—and the remembrance renews my sorrow—excuse me from the conclusion. (*A general silence.*)

QUEEN.

To the Princess Eboli.)—Now at length, I hope, I am permitted to embrace my daughter.—Bring her to me, Princess.

(The Princess withdraws. The Marquis beckons to a Page who appears in the back ground, and immediately disappears. The Queen opens the letters which the Marquis had given her, and seems surprised. In the mean while the Marquis talks secretly, and with earnestness, to the Marchioness of Mondecar. The Queen having read the letters, turns to the Marquis, with a penetrating look.)

QUEEN.

You have told us nothing of Matilda ? Perhaps she knows not, how Fernando suffers.

MARQUIS.

Her heart no one has yet penetrated—but great minds suffer oft in silence.

QUEEN.

You look about you. In search of whom do your eyes thus wander?

MARQUIS.

I was thinking how happy a certain person, whom I dare not name, would be in my place.

QUEEN.

Whose fault is it, that it is not so?

MARQUIS.

(Interrupting her with quickness.)—How? may I venture to explain this as I choose? Would he find pardon, if he now appeared?

QUEEN.

(Agitated.)—How? how? What mean you?

MARQUIS.

May he hope?—Dares he?

QUEEN.

(With increasing confusion.)—You terrify me, Chevalier—he surely will not.

MARQUIS.

He is already here.

SCENE V.

The QUEEN, Don CARLOS, Marquis of POSA, Marchioness of MONDECAR. (The two latter retire toward the avenue.)

CARLOS.

(Throwing himself on his knees before the Queen.)—
At length may Carlos touch this dearest hand! O
brightest moment of my life! now am I happy!

QUEEN.

Imprudent man! What a step is this! How
bold, how punishable! Rise! we are discover'd—
my attendants are at hand.

CARLOS.

I will not rise—here will I kneel for ever, fix'd
by enchantment to this spot, and rooted to the
earth.

QUEEN.

Madman! To what does my indulgence prompt
you! How! know you, that it is your Queen,
your mother, to whom this rash, audacious lan-
guage is address'd? Know you—I will myself
inform the King.

CARLOS.

Then I must die.—Let them, oh! let them drag

me to the scaffold ; one moment's life in Paradise is cheaply purchased even by death.

QUEEN.

And your Queen ?

CARLOS.

(Rising.)—Oh, God ! I go. Yes, I will leave you. Must I not comply, when you ask thus ? My mother ! O my mother ! how terribly you rule me ! a look, a gesture, a single accent of your heav'nly voice : tosses my very soul 'twixt heaven and hell, bids me exist or perish. What would you else that I should do ? What can there be beneath the sun, which I'd not sacrifice at your desire ?

QUEEN.

Fly hence !

CARLOS.

O God ! O God !

QUEEN.

The only thing, O Carlos, which I with tears implore of you.—Fly ! ere my attendants—my gaolers—find you and me together, thus forcibly affected. They will bear the fatal tidings to your father's ear—still, still do you doubt, and stand irresolute ! stay, wretched man, then, and destroy us both !

CARLOS.

I await my fate—be it life or death. What! have I forced my way in vain through every obstacle, through the dark labyrinths of court-ceremony, and its lynx-eyed guards? Have I placed all my hopes on this one moment, which at last gives you to me without a witness? Have I done this only to be deceiv'd by visionary terrors? No, Queen! a hundred, nay, a thousand revolutions of the globe may not present to me a chance so favorable.

QUEEN.

No; nor shall eternity itself! — O wretched Carlos! what would you ask of me?

CARLOS.

God is my witness, Queen, that I have struggled—have struggled more than ever mortal did.—In vain! my resolution fails—I yield.

QUEEN.

No more of that—no more, if you respect my quiet.

CARLOS.

O, let me speak! my just affliction finds relief in this wild utterance. You were mine, in the sight of all the world, with the consent of two great thrones, destined to me by heaven and nature; and Philip, Philip stole you from me—

QUEEN.

He is your father—

CARLOS.

Your husband.

QUEEN.

Who leaves the greatest empire in the world to you as an inheritance—

CARLOS.

And leaves you to me as a mother.

QUEEN.

Great God ! you rave.

CARLOS.

And does he know the treasure he possesses ? Has he a feeling heart to value yours ? I will not murmur. All-powerful Providence, I will forgive this blow—forget, how happy, how infinitely happy I should have been with her—if he enjoy that happiness—but he does not. Hearken, Almighty Power ! so impiously does he spurn thy blessings, that even now he is not happy. He is not—oh ! that thought is torture !—nor ever will he be so. Thou hast torn from me celestial joys, which, in King Philip's arms will be for ever blasted.

QUEEN.

Oh, horrible idea !

CARLOS.

I well know who 'twas that made this match. I know, how Philip loves, and how he married. Almighty Nature, thou couldst not, in revolving centuries, form such a beauteous creature. And now—blush for thyself, O Nature!—she is sacrificed, as the pledge of brittle treaties; sold, in the mysterious secrecy of a cabinet, by counsellors and prelates; and then deliver'd, when the bargain's struck, with mercantile exactness to the purchaser. It is thus that monarchs marry!

QUEEN.

Oh, be silent on this subject!

CARLOS.

And say—who are you in this empire? Share you the sovereign power? Surely not! How could an Alva commit his murders, if you held the sceptre? How could Flanders bleed for its faith? What! you are Philip's wife? Impossible! I cannot credit it. A wife possesses her husband's heart—but who possesses his?—And if, in a feverish moment, a mark of tenderness escape him, he blushes at it, as a degradation to his age and dignity.

QUEEN.

Who made you proud enough to address me thus? Who told you, that on Philip's throne my lot was wretched?

CARLOS.

My heart, which feels with fervor, how enviable that lot had been with me.

QUEEN.

Vain man!—But if my heart should say the contrary; if the respectful tenderness of Philip, and his silent looks of love, should move me more than the rash eloquence of his haughty son; if the considerate esteem of age—

CARLOS.

Oh! then, indeed, I beg forgiveness—that I knew not—I knew not, that you loved the King.

QUEEN.

I understand that proud and bitter smile.—No.—I do not love him; but to honor him will ever be my wish and my delight.

CARLOS.

Then you have never loved?

QUEEN.

How strange a question!

CARLOS:

You have never loved?

QUEEN.

I love no more.

CARLOS.

Is it because your heart forbids it, or your oath?

QUEEN.

Leave me, Prince, and never more resume this conversation.

CARLOS.

Is it your heart forbids it, or your oath?

QUEEN.

My duty, miserable Carlos! Wherefore thus scrutinise a destiny, which we must both obey?

CARLOS.

Must! Must obey!

QUEEN.

How! What means this solemn tone?

CARLOS.

It means, that Carlos will not obey the destiny, which combats all his wishes; that he will not be the veriest wretch in this vast empire, if the subversion of its laws be all he needs, to make him happy.

QUEEN.

Do I understand you? You hope! You dare to hope, where all is lost!

CARLOS.

My heart, which feels with fervor, how enviable that lot had been with me.

QUEEN.

Vain man!—But if my heart should say the contrary; if the respectful tenderness of Philip, and his silent looks of love, should move me more than the rash eloquence of his haughty son; if the considerate esteem of age—

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QUEEN.

Do I understand you? You hope! You dare to hope, where all is lost!

CARLOS.

Nothing is lost, but that which is already in the hands of death.

QUEEN.

You hope for me—for me, your mother? (*Having fixed her eyes on him for some time, with a penetrating look, she continues with dignity and earnestness.*) But wherefore not? A new king can do still more than this.—He can cast into the flames the ordinances of his predecessor, can pull down his statues; forbid the very mention of his name; can raise again what the late monarch had overturned, and level with the ground what he had built; can even—for who will hinder him?—tear his dead corse from its repose in the Escorial* forth to the light of day (*Carlos appears greatly agitated*); scatter to the four winds its violated dust; and to fill up the measure of his boldness—

CARLOS.

For God's sake speak it not!

QUEEN.

At last, espouse—his mother.

CARLOS.

O cursed son! (*he remains some time mute and motionless.*) Yes, it is spoken.—It is now spoken;

* At this place the Spanish kings are buried, in a magnificent building, called the Pantheon. T.

and I plainly see that which should have remained to me eternally obscure.—The die is cast.—You are lost to me; for ever lost! Oh! this thought is hell! But either way my torture must be infinite.—Alas! I cannot comprehend so vast a misery—My heart-strings crack!

QUEEN.

Carlos! my dear unhappy Carlos! I feel unspeakably that anguish, which struggles in your bosom. Your pain is infinite as is your love; and infinite will be the glory of overcoming it. Contend, young Hero, for so great a prize: a prize worthy the fierce and noble warrior; worthy the youth, through whose illustrious veins descend the virtues of so many royal ancestors. Be a man, brave prince!—The grandson of the great Charles can rise with renovated vigor from the blow, which would annihilate inferior souls.

CARLOS.

Oh, God! It is too late.

QUEEN.

Too late to be a man? O Carlos! How truly great is that virtue, in whose performance the heart itself is broken! The Almighty has rais'd you, Prince, on high—higher than millions of your brethren. Partially has he bestowed on you what he denied to others; and they ask if you yet deserve this preference. Arise then! justify the

decrees of Heaven! Deserve to be the foremost of mankind; and make a sacrifice, such as no one has ever offer'd.

CARLOS.

That I could do.—To contend for you, I have a giant's strength: to lose you, I have none.—

QUEEN.

Confess it, Carlos.—'Tis spleen and disappointed pride, which urges your desires so madly toward your mother. That heart which you sacrifice so wantonly to me—that heart belongs to the nations, which you shall hereafter rule. It is their property, and you, their guardian, ought not to lavish it. Love is in you a duty. Hitherto you have directed it to me: restore it, oh! restore it to your subjects: thus will you disarm conscience of its stings, and elevate yourself to heavenly greatness. Elizabeth was your first love; let your next be Spain. How gladly, my dear Carlos, shall I yield to a more worthy choice.

CARLOS.

(Overpower'd by the violence of his feelings, throws himself at her feet.) How great art thou, angelic woman! Yes, I will do whatever thou commandest—will even die, or, if thou so would'st have it, will renounce my hopes of happiness. *(Rises.)* Here stand I in the hand of the Almighty,

and swear to thee eternal—O heavens! No, no!
I swear eternal silence; but not oblivion.

QUEEN.

How could I require of Carlos what I myself
should be unwilling to perform?

MARQUIS.

(Advancing from the avenue.) The King!

QUEEN.

Oh, God!

MARQUIS.

Away, away, Prince, from this spot!

QUEEN.

Dreadful is his jealousy—should he see you—

CARLOS.

I will await him.—His claims or mine shall
yield—I care not now—I will assert my right.

QUEEN.

And who will be the victim?

CARLOS.

(Catching the Marquis by the arm.) Away! let
us away, Rodrigo! *(going, returns)*—What may
I take with me?

QUEEN.

Your mother's friendship.

DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Friendship ! Mother !—

QUEEN.

And these tears from the Netherlands.

CARLOS.

Ah ! I understand you.

[Exit with the Marquis. The Queen, with great uneasiness, looks for her attendants, who are nowhere to be found. As she is retiring, the King appears.]

SCENE VI.

The KING. The QUEEN. Duke of ALVA. Count LERMA. DOMINICK. Some Ladies and Grandees, who remain at a little distance.

KING.

(Walks up and down, with a look of surprise.—After remaining some time silent.) Thus alone, Madam ! Not even one lady to attend you !—'Tis strange indeed !—Where are your servants ?

QUEEN.

My most gracious husband—

KING.

Why, what is this?—You appear confused, Madam.—Your face glows like fire.—This is not as it should be—Why are you thus alone?—Where are your ladies? (*To the Courtiers.*) For this unpardonable negligence, I will exact a strict account. Who is in waiting with the Queen? Whose turn is it to attend on her to-day?

QUEEN.

Be not offended, my dear husband—I myself, I am alone in fault. At my command the Princess Eboli withdrew.

KING.

At your command?—

QUEEN.

—To call the lady of the bedchamber, because I wish'd to see my daughter.

KING.

And for that reason you dismiss'd your ladies? Strange, indeed! In future, Madam, be not so negligent of my empire's dignity—that Philip's wife should thus receive her child!—Castile I hope is rich enough to furnish you attendants. However—that excuses only the first lady. Where was the second?

MONDECAR.

(Having in the meanwhile returned, and mixed with the other ladies, steps forward.) I own, most gracious King, I am to blame.

KING.

Then retire, for ten years, from Madrid, and reflect upon your fault. *(The Marchioness is withdrawing, with tears in her eyes. All present look, with apprehension, on the Queen.)*

QUEEN.

Do not weep, Marchioness. *(To the King.)* If I have err'd, most gracious sovereign, the crown I wear—and which ambition did not make me seek—at least should shelter me from insult. Has not this empire laws to judge the daughter of a monarch? Does watchful power alone restrain the Spanish females? or cannot their own virtue guard them?—Forgive me, Sire, I am not accusom'd to dismiss in tears those, who with joy have served me.—Mondecar! *(She takes off her sash, and presents it to the Marchioness.)* You have displeased the King—not me—Take, therefore, this as a remembrance of my friendship. Retire from this country—You have only err'd in Spain—In my dear France such tears will be gladly wiped away.—Oh! wherefore must I always be reminded of that beloved country?

(Leaning on the Marchioness, and covering her face.)
—There it was far otherwise!

KING.

(With some emotion.) Is it possible, Elizabeth?—
O heavens!—Can a reproof, arising from my love,
afflict you thus?—a word, which only the tend-
erest concern drew from me! *(Turning toward*
the Grandees.) Here stand the vassals of my
throne. Never did sleep sink in the evening on
my eye-lids, ere I had weigh'd with care the inter-
ests of my people, in the remotest regions of my
empire. And shall I tremble with more anxiety
for my throne, than for the affections of my wife?
My people are protected by my sword, and by
my general, Alva. Nought but my own attention
assures me of my wife's love.

QUEEN.

If I have offended you, my husband—

KING.

I am called the richest man in all the christian
world. The sun ne'er sets on my dominions. But
all this another has possess'd before me: another
may possess it after me. Your heart is mine
alone. My kingly power belongs to fortune—
Elizabeth to Philip. 'Tis here, that I am mor-
tal.

QUEEN.

Sire! These doubts! They terrify me. What do you fear?

KING.

Think you, that these grey locks are capable of fear? No sooner have I begun to fear, than I at once have ceas'd.—Among my grandees, I see not here the first. Where is Don Carlos, the Prince Royal? (*No person answers.*) There is something formidable in that boy. Since his return from Alcala, he avoids my presence. His blood is warm and impetuous; but his looks, his actions are cold, formal, ceremonious. I hear no longer of his youthful wildness—How is that?—It forebodes evil, as a comet which, with threatening aspect, approaches my horizon. I dread its contact. Be watchful, Duke! I say, once more, be watchful! The heir of so many kingdoms counts with impatience the moments of his father's life. It was the ambition of rivalling Omnipotence which produced the devils. I charge you, Duke, be watchful!

ALVA.

I am watchful. Whilst a heart beats beneath this armour, Don Philip may sleep in peace. The Duke of Alva will stand before the throne, firm as the cherubim, who guard the paradise of God.

LERMA.

May I venture, in all humility, to oppose the wisest of the kings? Too profoundly do I reverence the majesty of my sovereign, to judge so hastily and so severely of his son. Much may be dreaded from the warmth of Carlos; but nothing from his heart.

KING.

Count of Lerma, your discourse may soothe the feelings of a father; the King's support will be the Duke. (*He turns to the Grandees.*)—My royal duties call me to Madrid. The pestilence of heresy infects my people; commotions shake the Netherlands. The time demands, that a terrible example should strike with awe the wavering. To-morrow shall I discharge that important oath, which all the kings of Christendom have sworn. This execution shall be without example. My whole court is solemnly invited to attend, and (*offering his arm to the Queen*) you accompany me.

QUEEN.

Oh, my sovereign, mercy!—I am a woman—a weak, trembling woman, who feels for human misery.

KING.

A christian, too, I hope.—Come now, and prove it. (*Leads her away, the rest follow.*)

H

SCENE VII.

Don CARLOS with Letters in his Hand. Marquis of Posa meeting him.

CARLOS.

Say no more. I am resolved. It is enough for me, that Flanders wishes to be saved.

MARQUIS.

Nor is a moment to be lost. The Duke of Alva is already appointed in the cabinet, as governor.

CARLOS.

Appointed! But he has not set off? To-morrow, then, will I demand an audience of my father, and ask this office for myself. He cannot, sure, refuse my first request. Long has he with unwillingness beheld me in Madrid. This will afford a welcome pretext to keep me at a distance. And shall I own it to you, Rodrigo? I hope yet more. Perhaps I may succeed, when we meet face to face, in reconciling his love to me. He never hitherto has heard the voice of nature. Let me try, Rodrigo, if, from my lips, it may avail.

MARQUIS.

At length, I hear again my Carlos. Now you are quite yourself.

DON CARLOS.

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CARLOS.

I feel in every vein a godlike animation—so inspiring was the sight of my beloved Queen!

SCENE VIII.

LERMA. *The former.*

LERMA.

The King has just now left Aranjuez. I have his orders.

CARLOS.

Very well, Count Lerma. I shall arrive as early as the King.

MARQUIS.

(Pretending to take leave, with some ceremony.)—Your Highness, then, has nothing else for me to execute?

CARLOS.

Nothing, Marquis. A pleasant journey to Madrid!—You will hereafter tell me more of Flanders. *(To LERMA, who is waiting for him.)* I shall follow you immediately. *[Exit LERMA.]*

SCENE IX.

Don CARLOS. The Marquis.

CARLOS.

I understood thy meaning; and I thank thee for this reserve: yet is it excused only by the presence of a third person. Are we not brothers? Henceforth let the puppet-play of rank be banish'd from our friendship. Suppose that, at a masquerade, we met together, thou, from mere whim, drest in the habit of a slave, I in imperial purple: whilst the amusement lasted, we should, with affected gravity, join in the delusion, and share the giddy mirth of the assembly; but as we pass'd, a nod, a whisper, would discover Carlos to his Rodrigo.

MARQUIS.

And is my Carlos so certain of himself, that he can bid defiance to the allurements of unbounded power? A day will come—a mighty day, when, I much fear, these noble sentiments will sink beneath the arduous trial. Philip will die, and Carlos will inherit the greatest empire of the christian world. Then, when a vast immeasurable gulph divides him from all other mortals—when he, who yesterday was but a man, to-day becomes a god—he will no longer feel human weakness, will be no longer mindful of human duties. Humanity, a

found now grateful to his ear, will be unheard amid the flattering applause of sycophants. When he no longer suffers, no longer will he feel for others. In the general prevalence of pleasure, virtue will decay. Peru will yield him gold to feed his follies: the demons of a court will stimulate his vices. Intoxicated thus, he sleeps in the Elysium, which his slaves have artfully created, and in his dream believes himself a God. Woe to the madman, who would awaken him from this delicious slumber!—But what must then Rodrigo do?—Friendship is too plain-spoken, and too bold. The radiance of her beams would be too great for sickly majesty;—you would not suffer a subject's pride, nor I a king's caprice.

CARLOS.

Terrible, yet true, is the picture which thou hast drawn of monarchs—But 'tis intemperate desire, which first hurries them to vice. A youth of three-and-twenty, I am yet incorrupt—What thousands waste without remorse in riotous embraces, the best half of the mind, the strength of manhood, I have reserved for nobler purposes. Long ere Elizabeth ascended the Spanish throne, the shafts of lust had fallen harmless from my breast. Dost thou still doubt?—Speak! What could force thee from my heart, if women could not?

MARQUIS.

I could myself.—Carlos, I should not love you with such ardour, were I compell'd to fear you.

CARLOS.

That ne'er will be. Thou need'st not my assistance. Thou hast no such passions, as e'er would force thee to crouch before a throne. Does gold attract thee? Thou art a richer subject, than I shall be a king. Dost thou covet honors? Even whilst a youth, thou hast exhausted all, which could be heap'd on thee. Which of us will be the other's creditor, and which the debtor? Thou art silent. Thou tremblest at the temptation. Art thou not certain of thyself?

MARQUIS.

Carlos, I yield. Here is my hand.

CARLOS.

And art thou wholly mine?

MARQUIS.

Yours wholly, and for ever.

CARLOS.

Wilt thou be to the future king a friend as true and warm, as thou art now to the prince?

MARQUIS.

That I swear to you.

CARLOS.

Wilt thou, even then, when the viper Flattery /
shall wind itself round my unguarded heart—
when this eye shall have forgotten the tears of joy,
which now it sheds—when this ear shall shut itself
against intreaties—wilt thou even then awake my
slumbering virtue?

MARQUIS.

I will.

CARLOS.

And now, one more request, my dearest friend!
—I long have envied thy equals the privileges of
familiarity—grant me the same!—Speak to me
without the cold formality of title—in the endear-
ing simplicity of nature!—Say, wilt thou be my
brother?

MARQUIS.

I am thy brother.

CARLOS.

Now to the King!—I fear no more. Arm in
arm with thee, I dare defy the universe.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Royal Palace at Madrid.

King PHILIP seated under a canopy. The Duke of ALVA at some distance, with his head covered. Don CARLOS introduced by the Count of LERMA, bends one knee before the King, then rises, and takes a few steps backward. A general silence prevails for some moments. The Prince looks with a mixture of displeasure and surprise at the Duke of ALVA, and then at the King.

CARLOS.

I STAND in expectation, that your Majesty may appoint some time more suitable to hear my request.

PHILIP.

Why should you ask another time? I am now ready to decide on your petition, and you have leave to offer it.

CARLOS.

Spain has the prior claim. Most willingly does Carlos give place to a minister, who speaks for the whole kingdom. I am but your son. (*Steps back, with a bow.*)

PHILIP.

The Duke may be present, whilst the Prince Royal speaks.

CARLOS.

(*Turning to the Duke of ALVA.*) Then, Duke, I must request it of your kindness to yield the King to me awhile. A son—you cannot but believe it—may unbosom to his father much that a third person should not hear. I will soon restore you to the royal presence. Grant me but these few moments with my father. (*ALVA fixes an inquiring look on the King.*)

PHILIP.

This is my friend.

CARLOS.

(*After a pause.*)—Have I deserved to find him also mine?

PHILIP.

Have you ever wished to deserve it? I like not sons, who think they can choose better than their fathers.

CARLOS.

Can the Duke's high feelings permit him to be present at this scene? Were it to gain a diadem, I would not, by Heaven, I would not act the meddling part of him, who, forcing himself between the father and the son, unblushingly profanes the sacred mysteries of nature, and with the mortifying consciousness of insignificance still stands as an intruder.

PHILIP.

*(Rising, with an angry look at the Prince.)—*Withdraw, Duke! *(ALVA goes toward the great door, by which CARLOS had entered; the King points to the other.)* No! Go into the cabinet, till I call you.

SCENE II.

PHILIP. Don CARLOS.

CARLOS.

*(As soon as the Duke has left the apartment, advances toward the King, throws himself at his feet—then, with great emotion.)—*Now you are again my father. My best thanks for this gracious favor. Your hand, my father—O blessed day! Long was your son denied the happiness of this kiss. And why denied? Why?—Oh! My king and

father! How does my soul bleed at this thought! Why have you so long shut me from your heart? What have I done? Cursed suspicion! Canker of kingly peace, whose tooth destroys even the sacred tie of blood! For three and twenty years the world has called me the son of Philip—and he alone does not confirm the name.

PHILIP.

Prince, these arts are foreign to your soul. Cease! I like them not.

CARLOS.

(Rising.)—'Tis so. In these words I recognise the malice of your courtiers. By Heaven! my father, all is not true that priests and their dissembling tribe have told you. No, my father, I am not vicious. The warm blood of youth is all my crime. I am not wholly vicious; though wild emotions betray my heart to error. That heart is pure——

PHILIP.

I know thy heart is as pure—as thy prayers to the Almighty.

CARLOS.

May the Saviour of the world cast me as a viper from him, if I dissemble! My mind is fix'd and solemn. This is the moment; when the chains of rank betwixt the father and the son are broken,

the barriers of ceremonious form thrown down. This is the moment. A beam of hope shines on me, and a delightful transport warms my heart. Heaven seems to open, and its legions of happy spirits descend. The Thrice-Holy looks with pleasure on this noble, this lovely scene. Pardon me, oh, my father! (*He falls on his knees before him.*)

PHILIP.

Rise, and leave me!

CARLOS.

Pardon!

PHILIP.

(*Endeavoring to tear himself from him.*) This trifling becomes too bold.

CARLOS.

Can a son's love ever be too bold?

PHILIP.

What? In tears? Disgraceful fight! Fly from my presence!

CARLOS.

Hear me this moment—this, or never—Pardon me, O my father!

PHILIP.

Away! Out of my fight! Shouldst thou return covered with dishonour from my battles,

my arms should be open to receive thee. But weeping thus, I cast thee off. (*Pushes him away.*) Coward guilt alone bathes itself in these ignoble fountains. He who without a blush can thus repent, will often need repentance.

CARLOS.

(*After looking a long while at the King, with a mixture of fear and astonishment.*)—Who is that being? By what error has he, a stranger to our nature, been confounded with mankind? Tears are the unerring symptoms of humanity: his eyes are dry; he is not born of woman. He knows not the delicious joys of weeping, which creates a pleasure even in sorrow, which makes grief enviable, which might raise man again to his native heaven, and tempt angels to share mortality. Oh! teach your never-moistened eyes even now to swell with tears, else you may need them in some trying hour.

PHILIP.

Think'st thou to shake thy father's strong suspicions by idle words?

CARLOS.

Suspicions? Yes, I will remove them. I will cling to your paternal heart, will tear away the strong covering which envelopes it.—Who are those, that drive me from the favor of my king? What price can the Monk offer for your son?

What recompense can Alva give you for a childless age? Would you have love? In this bosom springs a fountain far more pure and sparkling, than the muddy stream which fills a venal courtier's breast.

PHILIP.

Stop, audacious! Those whom thou slanderest are the approved servants of my choice.—And there will come a time, proud boy, when thou wilt honour them.

CARLOS.

Never. I know my worth. Whate'er your Alvas can do, that, and much more, can Carlos. Why should a hireling care for that kingdom, which can ne'er be his? What is it to him, that the grey head of Philip grows white with cares? His king remains, when Philip is no more. Carlos would have loved you—I shudder at the thought of sitting on a throne alone, and solitary.

PHILIP.

(Seems to be struck with this idea—after a pause)—
I am alone!

CARLOS.

*(Advancing toward him with eagerness.)—*You have been so. But hate me no longer, and I will love you warmly as a son. Only do not hate me. How sweet and lovely is it, to feel one's soul reflected in another: to know, that with our joys

another's check is gladdened; that our anguish trembles in another's bosom; and that another's eyes are moistened by our sorrows! How delightful to tread again the rosy path of youth, with a beloved child! Once more to dream the dream of life! How noble, to live for centuries, immortal, undecaying, in the virtues of a son! How divinely great, to dawn again upon succeeding ages, as the orb of day renews it's lustre in the glassy moon! How sweet to plant what a dear son may reap, to collect that which he may wisely use; to watch the flames of gratitude rising in his bosom! Oh, my father! Of this earthly paradise your monks most wisely spoke not.

PHILIP.

My son, my son! thou dost condemn thyself. Thou picturest a happiness, which thou didst ne'er afford me.

CARLOS.

May the Almighty judge of that! You banished me not only from your heart, but from all share of empire. Until this day—Oh! was that kind or just?—I, the Prince of Spain, was but a stranger, a prisoner in the country over which I shall hereafter rule.—How oft, how oft, my father, have I blushed when from the ambassadors of foreign states, or from general report, I learnt the proceedings of your court! I concealed my feelings beneath affected levity. “The King,”

said I, "conducts his government with secrecy;
"he prepares for his beloved son a joyful surprise
"upon his coronation."

PHILIP.

(Looking stedfastly at him.)—Carlos, thou delightest to dwell on the time when thy father shall be no more.

CARLOS.

No, by Heaven!—I only speak of that time, when I shall be indeed a man. Who is to blame, if those two periods are the same?

PHILIP.

It is an honorable office, which thou hast chosen, to stand the hourly remembrancer of my mortality—to shew thy gratitude to him who gave thee life, only by meditating on his death.

CARLOS.

(Interrupts him with eagerness.)—Satisfy my thirst for action, and may your reign endure to the world's doom.

PHILIP.

Patience! Thy youthful blood too fiercely boils; thou wouldst but cause confusion.

CARLOS.

Try me. My blood indeed boils fiercely. I have seen three-and-twenty years. I am the son of

Philip, and my arm has neither raised nor overthrown aught in the universe. I'm now awak'd; I feel my powers; my royal destiny cries out to me; and my lost hours of youth tell me of what I owe my country. At length the glorious moment is arrived, which demands payment of the mighty debt. The page of history, the glory of my ancestors, the trumpet of fame itself incites me: it is time to rush into the lists of honor.—My King and Father, may I dare to utter the prayer, for which I come?

PHILIP.

A prayer! Name it.

CARLOS.

The disturbances of Brabant become formidable. The fury of rebellion calls for all our energy and prudence. To quell that mad enthusiasm, the Duke, invested with the highest powers, is ordered to lead an army into Flanders. How honorable is this employment! How fit to open to the son of Philip, and grandson of the great Emperor Charles, the path of glory! To me, my King, to me entrust that army. The inhabitants of Brabant love me, and I am bold to pledge my life for their fidelity.

PHILIP.

Thou speakest madly. This task requires a man, and not a boy.

K

CARLOS.

It requires the feelings of a man—feelings which Alva ne'er possessed.

PHILIP.

Terror alone can overcome rebellion; pity would be madness. Thy soul, my son, is tender; the Duke is feared. Desist from thy request.

CARLOS.

Give me the command, although my soul be tender. The very name of the Prince Royal will spread conquest before my standard, when Alva's executioners could but inflict torture. On my knees I beg it of you. It is the first petition of my life. Father entrust me with the government of Flanders!

PHILIP.

(After a long pause, during which he contemplates CARLOS with a penetrating look.)—And at the same time entrust thee with my best forces? Put the knife into my murderer's hand?

CARLOS.

(Starting.)—O Heaven! Am I advanced no farther? And is this the fruit of an hour, I have so long and ardently desired? *(After some meditation, in a milder accent.)* Reply more kindly. Send me not away with this afflicting answer,

with this heavy heart! Show some favor, which may enliven my filial feelings, and bind me to you as a debtor. Treat me more graciously. What I request, is the most urgent want of my soul. To ask it, is my last and desperate exertion. Gratitude alone can save my virtue.

PHILIP.

(Interrupts him in a severe and imperious manner.)

—Thy virtue?

CARLOS.

(Terrified.)—O God! what have I said? My father, I was distracted.—I cannot comprehend it; I cannot bear it as a man, that you should thus deny me all—all that I ask. Now you dismiss me. Miserably deceived by a thousand enchanting visions, I leave your presence.—Now Alva and Dominick will sit in triumph, whilst your son weeps in the dust. The crowd of courtiers, the tribe of fallow monks stood by, when solemnly you granted me this audience.—Do not inflict on me the deadly wound of this disgrace, my father: let me not encounter the sneering insolence of vassals, who riot in your bounty, whilst Carlos offers up his prayers in vain. As a pledge of future kindness, give me this command.

PHILIP.

If thou fearest the anger of thy King, repeat thy prayer no more!

CARLOS.

I will dare the anger of my King, and pray for the last time. Give me this command. I must away from Spain. Evils, unseen by every eye, hang over me. To stay here is as agonising as to breathe under the torturer's hand; the air itself weighs on me, like the guiltiness of blood. Nothing but an instant change of clime can cure me. If you would save me, send me without delay to Flanders.

PHILIP.

(*With affected coolness.*)—Such patients as thou, my son, need the attentive eye of the physician. Thou must stay in Spain; the Duke will go to Flanders.

CARLOS.

(*Wildly.*)—O help me, ye good angels!

PHILIP.

(*Starting.*)—Ha! what mean these looks?

CARLOS.

(*With a trembling voice.*)—Father, do you abide by your decision?

PHILIP.

It came from the King.

CARLOS.

I have done.—(*Bows and is retiring.*)

PHILIP.

(After looking stedfastly at him for a while, calls him back.)—Prince, this silence is not submission.

CARLOS.

No.

PHILIP.

No !

CARLOS.

Methought I saw the scroll that held the will of your great father, smoking on a funeral pile.

PHILIP.

(Shuddering.)—What mean'st thou ?

CARLOS.

He, so great a man, so perfect a monarch ! and shall I, a worm, complain ? He gave an empire, I can but receive it ; and how infinitely wide the difference between a son like me, and such a father !

[Exit.]

PHILIP.

(Covering his face with his hands.)—Too heavily, O God, does thy hand press upon me !—My son ! my son !

SCENE III.

PHILIP remains absorbed in gloomy meditation; at length he walks a few steps up and down. ALVA approaches with some embarrassment.

PHILIP.

Be in instant expectation of my orders, to set off for Bruffels.

ALVA.

All is prepared, Sire.

PHILIP.

Your powers lie ready sealed in the cabinet. Meanwhile, obtain an audience of leave from the Queen; and wait on the Prince Royal, to notify your departure.

ALVA.

I just now met him leaving this apartment, with a look of frenzy. Your Majesty seems deeply moved too. Perhaps the subject of your conversation——

PHILIP.

Was the Duke of Alva! (*Fixing his eyes on the Duke.*) But fear not; never shall my opinion of you be shaken. The Prince is not your friend.

ALVA.

I am proud to share my sovereign's fate.

PHILIP.

(*With displeasure.*)—I know not, what I have to share with the Duke of Alva. I am well pleased, that Carlos hates my counsellors, but not that he despises them. (ALVA, *colouring with anger, is about to speak*; PHILIP *interrupts him.*)—No answer now. I permit your reconciliation with the Prince.

ALVA.

My sovereign, I am a soldier and a knight!

PHILIP.

The Prince is your King's son. Decide yourself, which of you should exact the first submission? Say, who was it that warned me of my son's black designs? I listened then to you. In future I will have a fuller proof. Carlos shall stand nearer to my throne. Depart!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. IV.

An Antichamber to the Queen's Apartment.

CARLOS *entering, in conversation with a PAGE. The Attendants retire at his approach.*

CARLOS.

A letter for me! wherefore this key? and why deliver both with such secrecy? Come hither—whence brought you this?

PAGE.

(With an air of mystery.)—The lady gave me to understand, that she would rather be guessed at than described.

CARLOS.

(Starting.)—The lady! *(Looks more earnestly at the Page.)*—What! how! Who art thou?

PAGE.

A Page of her Majesty, the Queen.

CARLOS.

(Affrighted, putting his hand on the Page's mouth.)—Hold! on your life. I know enough! *(He tears open the letter hastily, and retreats to one end of the room to read it; meanwhile the Duke of Alva passes through the antichamber, and goes into the Queen's*

*apartment, unperceived by the Prince. CARLOS trembles, and changes colour. After reading the letter, he remains a long time, with his eyes fixed on it, in silence—then turning to the Page.)—*Did she give it you herself?

PAGE.

With her own hands.

CARLOS.

Herself!—Do not deceive me. I ne'er have seen her writing, and I must believe thee, if thou canst swear it. If it be a lie, confess it openly! but deceive me not.

PAGE.

Deceive you!

CARLOS.

*(Looks again at the letter, and observes the Page with doubt and earnestness.)—*Are your parents living? Your father, does he serve the King? and is he of this country?

PAGE.

He was a Colonel of the Duke of Savoy's forces, and died in battle at St. Quentin*. His name was Alonzo, Count of Henarez.

* St. Quentin, a town in Picardy, near which, in the year 1557, the Spaniards obtained a signal victory over the French. T.

CARLOS.

(Taking him by the hand, and fixing his eyes significantly on him.)—The King gave you this letter.

PAGE.

(With emotion.)—Gracious Prince! How do I deserve this suspicion?

CARLOS.

You weep! Well, pardon me. *(Reads the letter.)*—“This key opens the farthest apartments
“of the Queen’s pavilion. Of these the most re-
“mote leads to a cabinet, into which the footsteps
“of no listener can penetrate. Here the voice of
“love may, without restraint, confess those feelings,
“which hitherto only its looks have dared to ex-
“press. The timid lover may here expect a rich
“reward for all his silent sufferings.

“E.”

(After a pause, in which he seems lost in a reverie.)—I dream not—I am not mad—this is my hand—and this my sword—these are written syllables—’tis even so: I am beloved; I am the happiest of happy beings throughout the boundless regions of creation. I am beloved. Almighty God! thy universe would be too small a price for such a joy!

PAGE.

Come then, Prince, I will conduct you.

I

CARLOS.

Let me first collect my scatter'd senses. Do I not still tremble with this convulsive shock of happiness? Even my hopes dared never soar so high: my dreams of bliss were not so exquisite. What mortal can so instantly assume a godlike being? The air I breathe, the sun which I behold, are not the same as formerly. The world no more appears a theatre of woe; those dreams are past, and I am awake to joy. She loves me. Let me tell it boldly to the world—tell it—(*Going.*)

PAGE.

To whom? Whither are you going? You forget—

CARLOS.

(*Struck with sudden terror.*)—The King, my father. (*His arms sink; he casts a timid look round, then collecting himself.*)—Yes, thou art right. I was just now beside myself. 'Tis dreadful, to keep such emotions close pent up in my breast. Midnight silence best suits him, who moves a hidden treasure; therefore I will be secret. (*Takes the Page by the hand, and leads him aside.*)—What thou hast seen to-day—dost thou hear me? let it be buried in deep concealment. Now go! I shall not need thy guidance. Go! we must not be seen together. Go! (*The Page going.*)—But stop! (*The Page comes back. Carlos laying his hand upon his shoulder,*

looks stedfastly in his face.)—Thou bearest with thee a dreadful secret, which, like strong poison, may burst the cup that holds it. Let it not come near the throne; hide it from hawk-ey'd curiosity; govern well thy countenance, nor let it betray the sacred trust within thy bosom. Be like the inanimate trumpet, which hears not its own piercing blast. Thou art a boy; continue to appear so, and play thy boyish gambols. Well did the lovely writer choose her messenger; the King will never dread a traitor here.

PAGE.

And I, Prince, shall be proud to possess a secret, hidden from the King himself.

CARLOS.

Foolish boy! tremble at that thought!—When-
e'er thou meetest me in public, thou must approach with cold submission. Let not vanity prompt thee, to discover the share thou hast in the Prince's favor. To please me, will be accounted thy greatest crime. Utter not thy thoughts to me henceforth in words; nor let them openly appear; but rather, like the murderous fugitive, creep by some hidden passage to my soul. Speak with thine eye, thy gesture, and I will answer with a look. The very air, the light, are Philip's spies, and the deaf walls around us are bribed to evidence against me.—Some one approaches. Get thee gone!

(The door of the Queen's apartment opens, and the Duke of Alva comes out.)

PAGE.

Prince, be careful not to miss the right apartment.

CARLOS.

It is the Duke.—No, I shall find my way.

[*Exit Page.*]

SCENE V.

Don CARLOS, Duke of ALVA.

ALVA.

Two words, most gracious Prince !

CARLOS.

Some other time. (*Going.*)

ALVA.

The place is not, indeed, most suitable. Perhaps your Royal Highness may be pleased to grant me audience in your chamber.

CARLOS.

Why so ? It may be here. Only be brief !

ALVA.

The subject of my conference with your Highness is to return you thanks.

CARLOS.

Thanks ! Return me thanks ! Why should the Duke of Alva thank me ?

ALVA.

No sooner had you left our Sovereign's presence, than I was ordered to depart for Brussels.

CARLOS.

For Brussels ?

ALVA.

To what, Prince, can I attribute this command, but to your gracious intercession with the King ?

CARLOS.

My intercession ? No, indeed, not mine. You are setting off—well—a good journey to you.

ALVA.

Is that all ? I am surprised. And has your Royal Highness nothing to charge me with for Flanders ?

CARLOS.

What should I have ?

ALVA.

Not long ago, the fate of those provinces seemed to demand the presence of Don Carlos; and now I am surprised—

CARLOS.

You are a great general—no one doubts that; envy herself must own it. As for me, I am a youth. Thus the King judged, and he was right—quite right, and I am satisfied. So, enough of this. Success attend you. At present, as you see, I have no time—business presses; what you have else to say, to-morrow, or some other opportunity—perhaps when you return from Brussels.

ALVA.

What! ten years hence?

CARLOS.

Farewell! (*After a pause, seeing that the Duke still remains.*)—You've a fair season for your journey. Your way, I think, is through Milan, Lorraine, Burgundy, and Germany.—Germany! Yes; there you're known. 'Tis now April. A few months will bring you to Brussels, and I doubt not, we shall soon hear of your victories. You will find the way to merit our gracious confidence.

ALVA.

What! “with the mortifying consciousness of insignificance?”

CARLOS.

Duke, you seem hurt—and you have reason; I own 'twas not quite fair to use against you weapons, which you dared not wield.

ALVA.

Dared not !

CARLOS.

(*Holding out his hand to the Duke, with a contemptuous smile.*)—Well, I've not time to balance this account ; defer it to another opportunity.

ALVA.

Prince, we wrong each other ; you look on me as twenty years too old, and I consider you so much too young. But think, what a price your father would have paid for such an arm as this, to wield his sceptre. He knows how much more easy 'tis to find an heir for his dominions, than to raise such an empire.

CARLOS.

True, very true, Duke—but—

ALVA.

And how much blood must flow, to fix a crown upon the brow of his descendants.

CARLOS.

Well, Duke, you've strongly urged the plea of merit against the pride of fortune. Now for the application.

ALVA.

Woe to infant royalty, that mocks the hand which fosters it ! our victories are the cushion, on which it may sleep soundly. In the crown are seen

only the sparkling gems, and not the wounds which purchased them. This sword prescribed to distant nations Spanish laws; it led the Christian cause to conquest, and marked the bloody furrows for the seed of faith.

CARLOS.

I know it well, but no more! I do not wish to bend my thoughts that way. My father's choice is just: he needs an Alva, yet I lament the causes of that need. You're a great man. It may be so; nay, I almost believe it! but, methinks, you came into the world some thousand years too soon. An Alva would suit the end of days, when the giant insolence of vice shall have exhausted the long-suffering of the Almighty, and the full-waving harvest of misdeeds shall ask the avenging sickle. Then would you find a task most fit for you. O God! my beloved Flanders! but I must not think of it—let us bury it silence.

ALVA.

'Tis greater mercy, Prince, to sacrifice a few for the salvation of the many, than at the peril of the human race, to save a few from death. Heaven itself gave us a great example, when, to purify a world, a world was overwhelmed. The pestilence—

CARLOS.

The pestilence, I know it, is your emblem. 'Tis said, you carry with you a great number of death-warrants, ready signed. That's well, it

will prevent delay. Oh, my father, how unjustly did I accuse you of harshness in refusing me an office, which so well suits an Alva! 'Twas your first proof of kindness.

ALVA.

Prince, your words deserve——

CARLOS.

What?

ALVA.

But your birth protects you.

CARLOS.

(Drawing his sword.)—That demands blood.
Draw, Duke!

ALVA.

(Contemptuously.)—Draw!

CARLOS.

Draw! or I run you through.

ALVA.

(Drawing.)—Well! If it must be so.—*(They fight.)*

SCENE VI.

The QUEEN, Don CARLOS, Duke of ALVA.

QUEEN.

(Coming out of her apartment, with great terror.)
What! swords drawn? *(to the Prince, in an angry and commanding tone)* Carlos!

CARLOS.

(Struck at the sight of the Queen, drops his sword, remains a while motionless, then advancing towards the Duke, embraces him.) Pardon, Duke! let all be forgotten. *(Throws himself silently at the feet of the Queen; then rising hastily, departs in confusion.)*

ALVA.

(Looking after him with astonishment.)—By Heaven, 'tis strange!

QUEEN.

(Remains for a few moments, as if in doubt, then retiring to her apartment, calls to the Duke.) Duke of Alva! *(He follows her.)*

SCENE VII.

The Princess of EBOLI's Apartment.

The Princess in a simple but elegant dress, playing on the lute. The Queen's Page enters.

PRINCESS.

(Rising hastily.)—Is he coming?

PAGE.

Are you alone?

PRINCESS.

He is coming! I hear it in the music of thy step—in the soft melody of thy breath. Speak it—he is coming.

PAGE.

I am surprised I do not find him here; but he will surely appear in an instant.

PRINCESS.

Will he? Then it is certain.

PAGE.

He treads upon my very footsteps. Princess, you are beloved! beloved as no one else has ever been. Oh, what a scene I witnessed!

PRINCESS.

(Catching hold of his hand.)—Quick! tell me.

Thou spokest to him. What said he? How did he look? Was he embarrassed? Did he guess, who 'twas that sent the key? Did he guess right or wrong? Tell me.—Thou answerest not a word. O, shame upon thee! How dull, how leaden are thy looks! How slow thy utterance!

PAGE.

You do not give me time to speak a word, dear Princess.' 'Twas in the Queen's antichamber, that I delivered him the letter and the key; when in my haste I said, a lady sent me, he started, and look'd earnestly upon me.

PRINCESS.

He started! Well—go on.

PAGE.

I would have spoken more, but he grew pale, and snatched the letter from my hand, with a threatening look; said, he knew all: then cast his eyes over it in confusion, and suddenly began to tremble.

PRINCESS.

“Knew all! knew all!” Did he say that?

PAGE.

Three or four times he asked, if you yourself had given me the letter?

PRINCESS.

I, myself! What! did he mention, then, my name?

PAGE.

Your name? No, no! he did not name you. He said there might be cunning spies, who would inform the King.

PRINCESS.

(With surprise.)—Were those his words?

PAGE.

The King, he said, would think the information of high importance.

PRINCESS.

The King! Didst thou hear right?

PAGE.

Yes; he called it a most dangerous secret, and warned me to keep strict guard upon my words and looks, lest the King should conceive suspicion.

PRINCESS.

(After some reflection, with astonishment.)—It must be—'tis all connected—he surely knows it.—Strange! who can have told him? Who!—none but the eagle eye of love could pierce so deep. Well, well! go on! He read the letter.

PAGE.

The note, he said, contain'd a happiness at

which he ought to tremble—a happiness of which he had not dared to dream. He spoke too of the key—but just then the Duke entering the anti-chamber, obliged us——

PRINCESS.

But why talk of the Duke? The key, good Henarez, what said he of the key? Be more particular, be not so hasty. What said he? Tell me all!

PAGE.

That it was the key to Paradise.

PRINCESS.

But where stays he? where does he loiter? why not appear? Seest thou, how false men are! All this time he might have enjoyed the happiness, of which thou hast been talking.

PAGE.

I fear, the Duke ——

PRINCESS.

The Duke again! What has the Duke to do with my affections? He might have left him, have dismissed him. That, sure, was easy; but, indeed, I fear, thy Prince is little vers'd in love, or in the heart of woman. He does not know what minutes are.

PAGE.

Princess, you calumniate an angel.

PRINCESS.

(Pleased, and tapping him on the cheek.)—Go, trifler—why speak'st thou thus of him?

PAGE.

So dignified and great, and yet so good! Alas, that he should be a King! Why is he not a brother!

PRINCESS.

(Turning away to conceal her tears—then squeezing the Page's hand with emotion.)—But thou dost not remind me, that I still owe my kind messenger his reward. (She takes from the table a sword-belt, set with diamonds, and presents it to the Page.)—Take this, my dear boy, as a remembrance of me, when thou first bearest a sword.

PAGE.

Does a happy woman thus reward me? Have my tidings deserv'd no other recompence? At such a moment, when the full tide of transport is approaching, shall I be satisfied with paltry diamonds? Shall I have seen upon your cheek the glowing beam of love, have known who is to riot in these charms, and rest contented with such a payment?

PRINCESS.

I hear a footstep. 'Tis the Prince. Away!
away! (*Exit Page.*)—Where is my lute? He
must surprise me—my song shall guide him to me.

SCENE VIII.

The PRINCESS. Don CARLOS.

*The PRINCESS sits playing on her lute; CARLOS,
entering, perceives her, and seems thunderstruck.*

CARLOS.

Heavens, where am I!

PRINCESS.

(*Dropping the lute, goes to meet him.*)—Prince
Carlos? Yes—it is so.

CARLOS.

(*Aside.*)—Where am I? Curfed error! I have
miffed the right apartment.

PRINCESS.

(*With affected surprise.*)—How eafy fuch an error
is to Carlos!

CARLOS.

Pardon me, Princess. I—I found the anticham-
ber open.

PRINCESS.

(*With a smile.*)—No, surely; I thought I had fasten'd it myself.

CARLOS.

Fasten'd—no, no—it was not fasten'd—you meant perhaps. But no—The outer lock—the inner, I would say, was fast indeed.

PRINCESS.

The inner lock! and yet you entered! Pray, how was that?

CARLOS.

Nothing is more simple—nothing easier. Luckily—I mean unluckily—I had a key which fitted it exactly. I was led hither by accident. The sound of a lute attracted me. A lute, was it not? (*Looking round.*)—True! there it lies. I love a lute to madness, and hearing it, I was beside myself; I rushed into the chamber to behold the fair musician, whose divine performance so wondrously enchanted me.

PRINCESS.

And yet your curiosity is soon satisfied. (*After a pause.*)—Prince, I admire your discretion, which would spare a woman's blushes.

CARLOS.

Princess, I but augment my own embarrassment. Excuse me from a part, for which I am so unfit. You sought in this remote apartment a refuge from

the world, where unobserved you might indulge the feelings of your heart. Unhappy that I am! my presence has disturbed your lovely dream. I can atone for it only by withdrawing. (*Going.*)

PRINCESS.

Carlos!

CARLOS.

Princess, I feel what such a look, in such a place, must mean! I venerate your virtuous embarrassment. Woe to him, whom a woman's fears make bold! a blush disarms me.

PRINCESS.

Is it possible? Such prudence with your years and rank! Now, Prince, I must myself intreat that you would stay. Under the protection of so much virtue, I need not tremble. But let us leave this farce. Why should we lose this happy moment, which, as you say, Prince, chance has given us? Your sudden appearance made me break off my favorite air, and (*leading him to a seat*) your punishment must be, to hear me play it once again.

CARLOS.

A punishment so sweet for such a crime! An air so moving, that I could dwell on it with pleasure, though ne'er so oft repeated!

PRINCESS.

You heard it all then, Prince? Nay, that was unpardonable. It was, I think, a song of love.

CARLOS.

And if I am not mistaken, of successful love: a beautiful subject from those lips, yet not so true as beautiful.

PRINCESS.

Not true! You doubt then?

CARLOS.

(*Seriously.*)—I doubt that Carlos and the Princess Eboli, on such a subject may mistake each other. (*She starts; he perceives it, and continues with an air of gallantry.*)—For who could e'er believe, that these rosy cheeks concealed a heart torn by the pangs of love? Can the Princess Eboli incur the hazard of an unheard, or unrequited passion? He only feels love's power, whose love is hopeless.

PRINCESS.

Hush! that sounds terribly. You, above all others, dread such a fate! and dread it at this moment! (*Taking his hand, as if much interested.*)—You are sad, Prince; you are unhappy—nay, indeed, unhappy. But wherefore? The world invites you loudly to enjoyment; the lavish gifts of nature are showered on you; and your high claims ensure you every pleasure. You, a great monarch's son; you, whose

rare talents, even in infancy, outshone the splendor of your rank; you, whom the whole female sex beholds with partial eyes—that sex, from whose irrevocable judgment man receives the prize of worth and honor. Can he alone be miserable? he, who conquers with a look! whose very coldness kindles the flame of love, and who, when warmed himself, scatters around him all the joys of heaven! he, who alike can constitute the happiness of millions, and of a chosen few! O Heaven, that gavest him all, why thus deny him eyes to contemplate his victories?

CARLOS.

(Who has been lost in a reverie, suddenly starts up.)
—Excellent! incomparable! Princess, sing me again that passage.

PRINCESS.

Carlos! where have you been thus absent?

CARLOS.

True, you remind me just in time. I must away. *(Going.)*

PRINCESS.

(Catches him by the arm.)—Whither?

CARLOS.

(In an agony.)—You know, whither.—No, no, you know not—I must away from hence—into the

air. Do not hold me, Princess! I feel, as if the world was all in flames behind me.

PRINCESS.

(*Detaining him.*)—What troubles you? Whence these wild looks? (*He remains immoveable, and lost in thought. She leads him to a seat.*) Dear Carlos, you want rest: sit down. Away with these dark feverish fancies! Ask of your heart what mean its tumults. Or, if you already know their meaning, is there in this court no nobleman, no lady, who deserves to share the secret?

CARLOS.

(*With affected levity.*)—Perhaps the Princess Eboli.

PRINCESS.

(*Joyfully.*)—Indeed!

CARLOS.

Grant me, Princess, a petition. Give me your influence with my father. I hear 'tis powerful.

PRINCESS.

You hear so? From whom? (*Aside.*) Ha! 'Twas suspicion, then, which kept him silent.

CARLOS.

I had a wish—Perhaps it is already public—to visit Brabant—merely to exercise myself in arms.

But my good father is unwilling: he fears that the fatigues of war may hurt my health.

PRINCESS.

Carlos, you play false. Confess, that by this subterfuge you would deceive me. Look in my face, deceiver. Would he, whose only thoughts are war, descend to such a trifling theft as this, from some fair lady, (*she suddenly twitches off a ribbon from his shirt collar*) and keep it so carefully concealed?

CARLOS.

Princess, I am betrayed. You know my secret.

PRINCESS.

Are you surprised at that? I could recall to your remembrance, Prince, events which you long since have ceased to dream of.—If not even the momentary sports of fancy, if a half-uttered sound, a smile checked by returning gloom, a bud, a flower thoughtlessly torn in pieces, a fly struck with a careless hand; if none of these escaped me, when your own soul was absent; judge, Prince, how well I knew your inmost thoughts!

CARLOS.

That, indeed, is saying much.—You promise to make discoveries in my heart, of which I'm ignorant myself.

PRINCESS.

(*With some displeasure.*)—You are ignorant? Recollect yourself, Prince. Look around—You need not, in this chamber, as in the apartment of the Queen, employ dissimulation.—You start! A sudden blush o'erspreads your countenance. You are surprised, that any one should have the inquisitive boldness to watch Carlos, when he believes himself unnoticed. Who observed you, when at the last ball you left the Queen, your partner, and forced your way toward the Princess Eboli? That error, Prince, the King himself, who was just entering, perceived.

CARLOS.

(*With an ironical smile.*)—The King?—He, indeed, of all men, should not have seen it.

PRINCESS.

Nor should he that which happen'd in the Palace chapel, and which you perhaps have equally forgotten. You lay before the image of the Holy Virgin, poured forth in prayers, when suddenly the rustling of some ladies' dresses was heard behind you. The brave son of Philip began to tremble like a heretic before the Holy Tribunal. The half-finished prayer died on his pale lips, overwhelmed by the wild tumult of his passions. 'Twas a scene which called for pity—Prince, you seized the sacred Virgin's marble

hand, and rained on it a shower of burning kisses.

CARLOS.

Nay, Princess—there you wrong me—'Twas devotion!

PRINCESS.

What was it, then, when sitting with the Queen and me at cards, you stole this glove—(CARLOS *starts up, confused.*) which afterwards you threw upon the table?

CARLOS.

Oh, God! what have I done?

PRINCESS.

Nothing, I hope, which you would recall.—How pleasantly was I surprised, to find concealed in it a note. The expressions were tenderly romantic.

CARLOS.

(*Eagerly interrupting her.*)—Mere poetry—nothing else. My fancy teems with bubbles, which break as soon as they arise—and this was one of them. Let's talk no longer of it.

PRINCESS.

Nay, nay—this is too much. Heavens! how

incomprehensibly mysterious! In vain I try to fathom it—in vain attempt to grasp the shadowy form. (*She remains a few moments silent.*)—Yet how? Is it the immeasurable pride of man, which, to obtain new reverence, wraps itself in the cloak of modesty?—'Tis so! (*Approaching the Prince, she looks at him with doubt.*)—Speak plainly, Prince—I'm lost in wonder.

CARLOS.

And I no less so—(*A pause.*)

PRINCESS.

It shall be so—I must resolve to speak at once. I will make you my judge. Yours is a noble nature—You are a prince, a soldier, a man of honor. I throw myself on your protection. You will save me, Prince; or, if I should be lost beyond salvation, at least you'll weep for me. (*He approaches her with a look of pity.*) An insolent favorite of the monarch demands my hand—Ruy Gomez, Count of Silva. The King will have it so, and I am already sold to his creature.

CARLOS.

Sold! Sold! Another bargain of this royal trader! O speak of him no more!—Touch not a nerve, which vibrates so acutely.

PRINCESS.

You must hear all—'Twas not enough, that I was sacrificed to courtly policy. A snare was laid even for my innocence. Long have I been pursued by the licentious passion of the King himself.—Here is a paper, which will unmask the saint—*(CARLOS takes the paper, and, without reading it, continues to listen eagerly to the Princess.)* Where shall I find protection, Prince? Until now, my virtue was defended by my pride. At length—

CARLOS.

At length you yielded? Oh, do not say so!

PRINCESS.

Yielded! To whom? Vain error of those haughty minds, who think a woman's heart is but a toy, which may be trafficked for! Love has no price but love! It is the only thing on all the globe, which never can be sold. Like the invaluable pearl, which the proud merchant, spurning the wealth of monarchs, restored unpurchased to the sea.

CARLOS.

(Aside.) By Heaven! she is beautiful!

PRINCESS.

Be it caprice or vanity—I will not divide the joys of love. To the possessor of my heart I give

up all for all. I make one offering, and that offering is eternal. My love can impart happiness only to one, but to him it will be the happiness of heaven. The rapturous harmony of souls, the glowing kiss, the moment of delight, the magic power of beauty—these all are sister colours of one ray, leaves of one blossom. Shall I madly tear away a single leaf, and spoil the beauteous flower? Shall I degrade the dignity of woman, the masterpiece of the Almighty, to yield to the luxurious *debauchee* a moment of disgraceful pleasure?

CARLOS,

(*Aside.*)—Incredible! That Madrid should possess such a treasure, and I have ne'er discovered it till now?

PRINCESS.

Long ago should I have quitted this court, this world, and have immured myself in some holy retreat; but one tie still binds me firmly to existence. Alas! perhaps a phantom! Yet a phantom too dear to be relinquished—I love—but, oh! I'm not beloved!

CARLOS,

(*Approaching her with animation.*)—Not loved! Great God of heaven! Yes, yes, believe me, you are, you must be, unspeakably beloved.

PRINCESS.

From you! From you those sounds! Oh! they are the soothing whispers of my guardian angel. Yes, Carlos, I believe them all from you—I am beloved.

CARLOS.

(Embracing her with tenderness.)—Exquisite creature! Lovely, feeling maid! I stand before thee all eye, all ear, all rapture, all astonishment. What mortal could look upon thee, and not learn to love! But wherefore art thou here? Here, in the court of Philip: here, among the monks, and monkish bigots? This is no clime for such a beauteous flower; they would fain tear the blossom from its spray. But no—they shall not, they shall not, whilst I draw the breath of life. I fold thee in my arms—my arms shall shield thee from legions of assailing devils. Yes, let me be thy guardian spirit,

PRINCESS.

O Carlos! how little have I known you? How rich a payment is your noble heart for all the anxious sufferings I have endured in learning to unravel it. *(She takes his hand, and attempts to kiss it.)*

CARLOS.

(Drawing it back.)—Princess——

PRINCESS.

(With graceful flattery contemplating his hand.)—
How lovely is this hand! How rich! This hand, Prince, has two costly presents to bestow, the diadem and the heart of Carlos, and both perhaps on one happy woman. On one! Oh! what a great and godlike present! almost too great for mortal—Prince, how, if you separate these gifts? A queen can love but poorly—and she who loves, is as poorly suited to the crown. Then separate them, Prince. Resolve at once. Perhaps you have already done it. Is it so indeed? And do I know the happy woman?

CARLOS.

Thou shalt. Dear maid, to thee, to thy innocence, thy pure unspotted nature I will unfold myself. Thou in this court art the most worthy, the first, the only one, to whom my whole soul was e'er revealed. Yes—I will not conceal it—I love.

PRINCESS.

Unkind one! And was the avowal then so painful to you? Could my tears alone prove me deserving of your love?

CARLOS:

*(Starts.)—*How! What say you?

PRINCESS.

So inexpressibly to torture me! No, truly, Prince, it was not kind. And even to deny the key!

CARLOS.

The key, the key! (*After some moments of silent thought.*) 'Tis so. Yes, I perceive it all. My God! My God! (*His knees totter; he supports himself against a seat, and covers his face with his hands. After a long pause, accompanied with terror on both sides.*)

PRINCESS.

Horrible! What have I done!

CARLOS.

(*Starting up in a wild transport of grief.*)—Hurled down so deep from all my heavenly joys!—Oh! 'tis maddening!

PRINCESS.

(*Hiding her face, full of shame.*)—O God! What a discovery!

CARLOS.

(*Kneeling before her.*)—Princess, I am not guilty—A passion—an unhappy error! By Heaven, I am not guilty.

PRINCESS.

(*Pushing him from her.*)—Away, for God's sake, from my fight!

CARLOS.

No. I'll not leave you thus.

PRINCESS.

In pity, leave my fight. 'Tis death to look on you. (*He is going.*) Return my letter, and my key. Where is the other letter?

CARLOS.

What other?

PRINCESS.

That from the King.

CARLOS.

From whom?

PRINCESS.

That which I just now gave you.

CARLOS.

A letter from the King!—And addressed to you!

PRINCESS.

O heavens! how dreadfully am I involved! The letter! Restore it to me!

CARLOS.

From the King to you?

PRINCESS.

The letter—Oh! give it me, by all that's holy!

CARLOS.

The letter in which the vicious passion of the royal libertine is unfolded. The letter——

PRINCESS.

(*Wringing her hands in despair.*)—I am undone. O horrible! On what has my imprudence ventured?

CARLOS.

This letter—this from the King. Yes, Princess, (*Holding it up triumphantly.*)—this letter is invaluable. Not all the power of Philip shall wrest it from me. (*Going.*)

PRINCESS.

(*Endeavouring to detain him.*)—Great God! I'm lost, if you are so base,

CARLOS.

(*Taking her by the hand, with a dignified seriousness.*)—Then only, Princess, when I am base, may the remembrance of this hour excite your blushes. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

The PRINCESS alone.

(She seems overcome with surprise, remains some time immoveable, then, hastening after him, exclaims)—Prince! One word more!—Prince! Hear me!—He is gone; he despises me; and I remain alone, in wretchedness. Scorn'd and rejected! *(She sinks into a chair—after a pause)*—No! he but rejects me for a rival. He loves—he has confessed it.—But who is this happy woman?—Thus much is plain: his love is fixed on a forbidden object. He dreads discovery—he avoids his father's scrutinizing glance. But wherefore? Does he fear him only as a father? When the licentious passion of the King was mentioned, his features glowed with triumph—he exulted. 'Twas not the indignation of offended virtue—Why should he rejoice, that Philip prefers another to his Queen?—His Queen—*(She stops, as if struck by a sudden thought—then, drawing hastily from her bosom the ribbon, which she had taken from CARLOS, seems to recognise it.)*—Fool that I was! Now, now, indeed, 'tis plain; where were my senses?—They loved each other, long ere Philip chose her. The Prince ne'er saw me but with her.

'Twas she then, and not I, who was the object of his warm, his boundless passion! O unheard-of error! And I revealed to him my weakness. (*A pause.*)—Can his love be hopeless? No. I'll not believe it. Hope alone supported him in such a trial. What, to refuse a gift, for which the mightiest of monarchs sues in vain!—Hopeless love would surely yield to this temptation.—What fire was in his kiss—how tenderly he press'd me to his beating heart! He took the key, which he believed came from the Queen—he thought not this giant step too vast for her affection. He came himself—how could he e'er imagine the wife of Philip would be so madly daring? He must have had undoubted proofs of love from her.—'Tis clear; she listens to his passion: she returns it. By Heaven, this faintly creature loves!—I trembled before this paragon of virtue. She stood beside me, a more exalted being, and in her radiance I felt myself eclipsed. I envied her sublime tranquillity, which seem'd exempt from all emotions of human weakness. Yet this was but a mask—She would share alike the feast of virtue and of pleasure, would boldly claim the crown of female honor, and riot in the secret joys of vice. False dissembler! Shall she do this, and with impunity? No, no, by heavens—I once adored her. That, that demands revenge. The King shall know her artifice—The King! (*After*

some meditation.) True—it shall be thus. (*She pulls a bell.*)

SCENE X.

The PRINCESS. A PAGE.

PRINCESS.

Does not the Court meet this evening?

PAGE.

Yes, they are already assembling.

PRINCESS.

If you can draw aside the Confessor—

PAGE.

Dominick?

PRINCESS.

Request him to wait in the left-hand apartment, till I can disengage myself from the crowd. A circumstance of some importance.—Tell him, I wish to speak with him.

PAGE.

I will.

PRINCESS.

In the left-hand apartment—Remember!

PAGE.

Very well.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

PRINCESS *alone.*

No, I am not quite forsaken—One lover still remains—a royal lover! O Fortune, I am ungrateful to thee! How many rich and noble women would contend to share those smiles, which I have treated with disdain! And was not this enough? Would nought but love content me? His soul's not formed for love. But there are other paths to happiness. Envy and Flattery both assert it. Why should I not believe them? What! Do I think of love, now whilst my wounded honor is still bleeding? Calls not my injured pride more awfully upon me, than the soft whispers of a love-sick heart? The Monarch's power alone can avenge this insult. The intoxicating draught of greatness alone can blunt the serpent tooth, which gnaws my bosom. (*A pause.*)—Virtue!—He for whom 'twas rear'd, contemns it. It has no charms for him. What! Must it be preserved for Heaven? Brings it no reward to me? None to the

man, for whom alone I lived? Blooms its sweet flower but for a purer world? On what can Virtue bestow her treasures, if not on Love? Her only value is to enhance Love's joys.—Virtue, I abandon thee. Seek those, whose souls are cheer'd by Hope. I love no more. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XII.

Evening. An apartment in the Royal Palace, with a few lights.

Duke of ALVA and DOMINICK meeting.

DOMINICK.

Good evening, Duke!

ALVA.

Who speaks to me?

DOMINICK.

Whom are you looking for?

ALVA.

Is it you, Dominick? Thus alone? You left the assembly suddenly. I have been every where in search of you.

DOMINICK.

Did the King fend for me?

ALVA.

No—I wish'd to speak to you. But you are waiting here for some one. May I know whom?

DOMINICK.

What have you to tell me?

ALVA.

A discovery of importance, which I have made to-day. I wish to hear your sentiments upon it.

DOMINICK.

What was it you discover'd?

ALVA.

I met Prince Carlos to day, in the Queen's anti-chamber. He offended me—we both grew warm, and drew our swords. At the noise of our contest, the Queen rush'd out, threw herself between us, and cast upon the Prince a look, at once commanding and familiar. 'Twas but one look—but his arm dropt, he fell upon my neck, gave me a warm embrace, and disappear'd.

DOMINICK.

That is indeed suspicious. I own, Duke, you recall to my mind some thoughts, which long ago intruded on me. I then avoided

them, nor have I yet entrusted them to any mortal. Uncertain friends are as two-edg'd swords: I dread them. Men are difficult to be distinguished, and words, which have once escap'd, may become weapons of destruction. Therefore did I bury my secret in the deepest silence, till time should call it forth. Besides, what assurance have I, that I saw right? How easily do men deceive themselves? I am a priest; my office is to preach peace, not discord. Other ministers are bound by other oaths—and duty may enjoin the Duke of Alva, what it forbids to me. I must be silent, were I twice as certain.

ALVA.

Certain! certain! Consider what you are talking of. How important should I think mere probabilities!

DOMINICK.

What avails it, that I am myself convinced, if I have not proof? To render service to monarchs is often dangerous. It is a dart, which, if it miss its aim, rebounds on him who threw it. I would swear upon the crucifix to what I say; yet a single witness, a word, a piece of paper, would outweigh my strongest feelings. If we were not in Spain—

ALVA.

Why not in Spain?

DOMINICK.

In every other court, passion might forget itself;

here it is ever warn'd by scrupulous laws. A Spanish Queen finds obstacles to indiscretion, but finds them only, where we could most advantageously surprise her.

ALVA.

True; and we ought therefore—

DOMINICK.

I expect much from a certain scheme. If it succeed—May I mention what has happen'd, to the Princess Eboli?

ALVA.

For this reason I came. Hark ye, Dominick, it is of great importance to me—of more importance than you perhaps imagine—nay, it is every thing to me, that Philip should be informed of it. To-day there happen'd—But I hope, Dominick, we may trust each other.

DOMINICK.

Duke, you know my sentiments:

ALVA.

I never seriously believed that danger threatened me from that quarter; I do not now believe it. Yet were there a human being, whom I could permit myself to fear, it would be that boy.

DOMINICK.

You touch a string, Toledo—

ALVA.

Listen to me. Some danger threatens us. The King this morning let fall a word—a word—you know, confessor, words seldom make me tremble; but in this there was a meaning, and a heavy one, if I know any thing of Philip. He already wavers between the Prince and us. This change one hour effected: a reconciliation between the father and the son is at hand.

DOMINICK.

A reconciliation! God forbid!

ALVA.

He will have him nearer the throne, will venture on a trial—and he commanded me—at least his words sounded much like it—to ask pardon of the son, for having borne the father's favor.

DOMINICK.

What you say, Duke, is——

ALVA.

The audience of Carlos lasted an hour. He intreated to have the government of the Netherlands. His prayers were loud and earnest; I heard them in the adjoining cabinet. His eyes were red with weeping, when I met him at the door. Some hours afterwards, he appear'd with a look of triumph, and seem'd delighted, that the King had

chosen me. "Things," said he, "are alter'd for the better."—How can I reconcile these contradictions? He never could dissemble. The Prince is satisfied at being rejected, and the King bestows on me a favor with all the tokens of displeasure? What must I think? Indeed, this new dignity looks only like an honorable banishment.

DOMINICK.

Is it come to that? Shall one moment overturn what we've been years in building? And you appear so tranquil! Know you this youth? Do you suspect, what fate awaits us, if he acquire power? You have had proofs of his hatred.

ALVA.

I forgive him that. Did I ever love him? But to insult me, Dominick—that I will not forget. When last year the states of Arragon assembled to do him homage, I appear'd somewhat too late in the assembly: my office as marshal had delay'd me. The herald had thrice proclaim'd my name, before I reached the throne; then the Prince rejected me. In the sight of the astonished Arragonians, the boy refused his hand to me to kiss. All eyes were fix'd upon me, and for the first time in my life I stood confounded. At that hour I vowed a dreadful recompense to the proud youth, and I'll perform the vow.

DOMINICK.

I'm not his enemy. Other cares disturb my

rest, cares for the throne, for God and for his church. The Prince—I know him thoroughly—has form'd the mad, the horrible design to be the regent, and to set aside our holy faith. He cares not for religion.

ALVA.

I rather fear, he cares too much for it. He knows not the uses it has served.

DOMINICK.

A novel kind of virtue fires his heart, a virtue too proud to rest on faith for its support. He looks not to the church for comfort, he spurns at it. A wild chimera, the love of mankind, floats before him.—No, Duke, he is not fit to be our king.

ALVA.

These are but youthful fancies, the dictates of ambition, eager to play a lofty part. They will be forgotten, when he assumes the reins of empire.

DOMINICK.

I doubt it. Proud of his freedom, he scorns submission to those restraints, which he, who would hereafter rule, must bear. Such a bold giant spirit would not suit our throne, 'twould soon break down the barriers of our policy. I in vain attempted to subdue his daring soul by pleasure : he stood the trial. The art of rendering sin familiar by indulgence, failed with the Prince. Such a

mind in such a youth is formidable—and Philip has seen almost threescore winters.

ALVA.

Your views reach far.

DOMINICK.

He and the Queen are both alike in this. The poison of innovation lurks in their breasts. Should it have room to spread, it will quickly reach the throne. I dread the Queen.

ALVA.

Why remind me of her? You have waked a viper in my bosom.

DOMINICK.

What mean you? You glow with anger, and your lips tremble.

ALVA.

The Queen has fix'd upon my name a mark of infamy, which will endure for ages. 'Twas she—my spies have at last discover'd it—'twas she, who frustrated my plan to seize the Prince of Bourbon at Navarre, a plan, which would have secured to the Spanish monarch no less a prize than a whole kingdom. She warned France of it—my attempt failed, and overwhelmed me with disgrace.

DOMINICK.

I know it; and you have to fear all the secret vengeance of this irritated woman, if Philip should

be weak enough to listen to her. As yet fortune favors us. Let us haste to seize the advantageous moment: both shall fall into the same snare. Let but a hint be dropt before the King, true or untrue, it will do much for us, if it but make him waver. We ourselves have not a doubt, and he, who feels a firm conviction, may easily convince another. What our interest urges us to find out, we shall soon discover. It was on New-year's day that the Queen was deliver'd.—What time had then elapsed since the King's illness? Duke, have you no suspicion there? This scatter'd seed of doubt shall, in its ripening, yield a dreadful harvest. Only have patience.

ALVA.

But stay—who shall inform the King?

DOMINICK.

Nor you, nor I. Learn, how long my silent industry has directed this mighty scheme towards its end. The King loves the Princess Eboli; I feed his passion, which promises to forward so greatly my designs. The maiden too I educate for that project. If my labor succeed, we shall find in her an ally—a Queen. She herself has sent for me to meet her here. I am full of hope. Perhaps this Spanish damsel may blast at once the lilies of Valois.

ALVA.

What do you say? Heavens, did I hear right? Friar, do but complete this scheme, and I'll admire thee!

DOMINICK.

Hush ! some one approaches.

ALVA.

That it should come to this ! I who am grown grey in his wars ! I force my cheeks to a submissive blush ! But the boy shall expiate that blush with agony of soul.

DOMINICK.

Go—it is she.

ALVA.

I shall be in the next apartment, if ——

DOMINICK.

Very well—I'll call you.

[Exit Alva.]

SCENE XIII.

Princess EBOLI. DOMINICK.

DOMINICK.

I am at your commands, most gracious Princess.

PRINCESS.

Are we alone ? Did I not see another person ?
Who was it, that just now left you ?

DOMINICK.

The Duke of Alva, gracious Princess, who requests, that, when at leisure, you will admit him to your presence.

PRINCESS.

The Duke of Alva ! What can he have to say ?
Perhaps you know.

DOMINICK.

First, dear lady, tell me, to what cause I owe the long desired happiness of seeing you ? (*He pauses, expecting her answer.*)—Has some favoring sentiment arisen in your mind, which pleads for the King's wishes ? And was I right in hoping, that reason would reconcile you to an offer, which caprice alone bade you reject ? I am all expectation.

PRINCESS.

Did you deliver my last answer to the King ?

DOMINICK.

I have hitherto delay'd a wound so fatal to him.
You yet have time to soften it.

PRINCESS.

Tell the King, I shall expect him.

DOMINICK.

May I take this for truth, most lovely Princess ?

PRINCESS.

Most surely not for jest. Heavens ! you alarm me. What crime must I have committed, if even you change colour !

DON CARLOS.

DOMINICK.

Princess, this sudden alteration—I scarce could comprehend it.

PRINCESS.

No, reverend Sir! I would not, that you should comprehend it—enough for you, that 'tis so. Do not seek to know, whose eloquence has wrought this change in me. Be comforted, that you have no share in such a crime. No, nor has the welfare of the church induced me; although you proved so learnedly, that it might authorise this conduct, for important purposes. Those pious reasonings, reverend Sir, are too high for me.

DOMINICK.

I most willingly retract them, Princess, when they appear superfluous.

PRINCESS.

Intreat the Monarch, not to misjudge my conduct. My mind remains the same, but circumstances have since varied. When I indignantly rejected his proposals, I thought him happy in the possession of a lovely Queen, a consort worthy of the sacrifice I made—I thought so then. But now I'm undeceiv'd.

DOMINICK.

Go on, Princess, go on! I see we understand each other.

DON CARLOS.

PRINCESS.

Enough—She is found out. I no longer spare her. She has deceiv'd the King, all Spain, and me. She loves—I know, she loves. I have proofs, which you will shudder to hear. The King is injured, but he shall be avenged—by Heaven, he shall. That mask of pure and heavenly chastity, bright as the virgin mother of God—that mask will I tear from the hypocrite. Dear shall I pay for it; but 'tis my triumph, that she will pay far dearer.

DOMINICK.

Now all is ripe.—Permit me to call the Duke.

[*Exit.*

PRINCESS.

What means that?

SCENE XIV.

The PRINCESS. *Duke of ALVA.* DOMINICK.

DOMINICK.

(*Introducing Alva.*)—Our information, Duke, is too late. The Princess reveals to us the same secret, which we should have told her.

ALVA.

The object of my visit, Princess, will surprise you, then, the less. In such discoveries, I trust

not my own eyes; a woman's glances are more keen.

PRINCESS.

Of what discoveries do you speak?

DOMINICK.

Princess, would you choose some more convenient hour—some place——

PRINCESS.

Even so. To-morrow, then, at noon, I will expect you. Weighty reasons forbid me to conceal this dreadful secret longer from the King.

ALVA.

The King must know it instantly—and whom will he believe so readily as you—you, Princess, who have been his wife's most close and vigilant companion?

DOMINICK.

You, who whene'er you will, can govern him with such unbounded sway!

ALVA.

I am a declared enemy of the Prince.

DOMINICK.

The same is said of me. The Princess Eboli is not thus suspected. Where we are forced to silence, your duty, Princess, urges you to speak. Let your hints but rouse the King, we will complete the work.

ALVA.

But it must be instantly. Every moment is precious. I am in hourly expectation of an order to depart.

DOMINICK.

If a letter could be found—an intercepted letter from the Prince cannot indeed but be effectual. Let us see—is it not so? Yes—you sleep, I think, in the Queen's apartment.

PRINCESS.

In the next. But what of that?

DOMINICK.

Have you observed, where the Queen keeps the key of her scrutoire?

PRINCESS.

(*Reflecting.*)—That might lead to something.—Yes, I think I could find the key.

DOMINICK.

And letters too require messengers. Could we but discover among the numerous attendants—Gold might do much.

ALVA.

Has the Prince no confidants?

DOMINICK.

Not one in all Madrid.

ALVA.

Strange!

DOMINICK.

You may believe me; he despises the whole court.

ALVA.

But stay! I recollect that when I left the Queen's apartment, I saw him talking privately with a Page.

PRINCESS.

(Hastily interrupting him.)—No, no; that was of something else.

DOMINICK.

How know we that? The circumstance surely was suspicious. *(To the Duke.)*—And did you know the Page?

PRINCESS.

Poh! Poh! It could be nothing of importance—I know what 'twas. We shall meet again before I see the King. Meanwhile much may be discovered.

DOMINICK.

(Leading her aside.)—And may the Monarch hope? May I promise him? The happy hour too, which will accomplish all his wishes.—Say when shall it be?

PRINCESS.

In a few days I will feign sickness; then, as is the custom of our court, I shall be excused attendance

on the Queen, and may retire to my own apartment.

DOMINICK.

Thus is the game our own—we may defy our enemies. (*A bell rings.*)

PRINCESS.

Hark, that bell is for me. I must attend the Queen. [*Exit Princess.*]

SCENE XV.

ALVA and DOMINICK.

DOMINICK.

(*Looks some time after the Princess, then addresses Alva.*)—Duke, this beauteous Princess, and your victorious arms——

ALVA,

And thy religion, priest.—Then will we brave the approaching tempest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XVI.

A Carthusian Monastery.

Don CARLOS, the PRIOR.

CARLOS.

(*Entering.*)—Has he been here already?

PRIOR.

Yes, thrice this morning. He went hence an hour ago.

CARLOS.

But he will return ! Did he leave no message?

PRIOR.

He promised to be here again at noon.

CARLOS.

(Goes to a window and looks out.)—Your convent lies far from the road. The towers of Madrid, I see, are at a distance. 'Tis well. Here, on the banks of the Manzanares, your situation is retired and solitary. All is silent, as secrecy itself.

PRIOR.

As the entrance to another world.

CARLOS.

To your honesty, most worthy man, do I entrust all, that I hold dear and sacred. No mortal must know, or even suspect, with whom I have talked here in private. I have important reasons, to hide from the whole world my meeting with the man, whom I expect. Therefore I chose this monastery. We are safe, I trust, from spies and traitors? You remember, what you have sworn to me?

PRIOR.

Confide in us, my Lord. The suspicion of the

Monarch will not invade a sepulchre. The ear of curiosity listens only at those doors, where wealth and passions dwell. The world is banish'd hence.

CARLOS.

Perhaps you think, it is a guilty conscience, which prompts all these precautions !

PRIOR.

I think not of them.

CARLOS.

If you imagine that, you err ; indeed, you err. My secret shuns the sight of man, but not of God.

PRIOR.

My son, that concerns not me. This asylum is open to the guilty, as to the innocent. Whether that which thou dost, be good or evil, righteous or criminal, thy own heart must decide.

CARLOS.

(With warmth.)—Your God himself would not condemn it. It is his noblest work. Nay, I may even reveal it to yourself.

PRIOR.

Excuse me, my dear Prince. I have long since laid aside all worldly cares : why, in the short space before my last great journey, should I resume the burden ? Man needs but little for eternal happi-

ness. But I must leave you; the bell summons me to prayers. [Exit.

SCENE XVII.

Don CARLOS. Marquis of POSA entering.

CARLOS.

At length—at length you are here.

MARQUIS.

What a trial for the patience of a friend! Twice has the sun risen, and twice set, since the fate of my Carlos was decided; and I only hear it now for the first time. Say, can I pardon such unkindness?

CARLOS.

This reproach to me, Rodrigo! What has this hour cost me!

MARQUIS.

Well, let us say no more of it. First of all, accept my congratulations: you are reconciled?

CARLOS.

With whom?

MARQUIS.

With the King. The affairs of Flanders too are decided.

CARLOS.

Yes, yes—the Duke sets off to-morrow.

MARQUIS.

Impossible! All Madrid cannot be so deceived. 'Tis said you had a private audience, and the King—

CARLOS.

—Remain'd, unmov'd. We are separated for ever, and even with increased hostility.

MARQUIS.

You do not go to Flanders?

CARLOS.

No, no!

MARQUIS.

Alas! my blasted hopes!

CARLOS.

Of them hereafter. O, Rodrigo! what have I experienc'd, since our last meeting! What wonders have I to relate to you! But above all things, I now need your counsel—I must speak to her.

MARQUIS.

Speak to your mother! Oh no! wherefore?

CARLOS.

I cherish hopes. You turn pale—but be at ease. I shall be happy. For the present, give me your counsel, how I may meet her.

MARQUIS.

What mean you? what new dream is this?

CARLOS.

'Tis not a dream—by the great God, it is not. See ! see, (*taking out the King's letter to the Princess Eboli*) what this important paper contains ! The Queen is free—free in the fight of men and Heaven. Read it, and cease to wonder.

MARQUIS.

(*Opening the letter.*)—What do I see ? The King's own hand writing ! (*After reading it.*)—To whom is this letter ?

CARLOS.

To the Princess Eboli. Two days ago, a Page of the Queen's brought to me, from an unknown person, a letter with a key. It described in the left wing of the palace, where the Queen resides, an apartment, in which a lady, whom I long had loved, awaited me. I immediately obey'd the summons.

MARQUIS.

Madman ! You obey'd it ?

CARLOS.

I did not know the writing—I knew but one such woman. Who else could think herself adored by Carlos ! Intoxicated with delight, I hurried to the place. A melodious air, re-echoing from the innermost apartment, served to conduct me. I enter'd—and beheld—conceive the shock !

MARQUIS.

Oh ! I guess it all.

CARLOS.

I had been irrecoverably lost, had I not fallen into an angel's hands. Unfortunately, deceived by the imprudent language of my looks, she had yielded to the sweet delusion, that she herself was the idol of my heart. My silent sufferings moved her, and she magnanimously resolved to return my love. Believing, that respect alone had kept me silent, she dared to speak, and open'd to me all her lovely soul.

MARQUIS.

And do you think yourself secure? The Princess sees through you. Without doubt, she has discover'd the inmost secret of your love. You have unpardonably offended her—and she rules the King.

CARLOS.

But she is virtuous.

MARQUIS.

She is so from the selfish motives, which passion dictates. I dread this kind of virtue ; for I know it well. How little does it resemble that ideal purity, which, like a native plant, springs up spontaneously in the soul, and blooms without the aid

of culture: whilst this, a stranger branch, is forced by art to flourish in an unpropitious climate. Call it education, principle, artificial innocence, or what you will—'tis gained by cunning, with many a doubtful struggle, from the heat of youth; and its reward is scrupulously demanded of Heaven. Reflect on this! She will never pardon the Queen, if he, who flights her own hard-earned virtue, burn with an hopeless passion for the wife of Philip.

CARLOS.

Know you so well the Princess?

MARQUIS.

Certainly not. I have seen her but twice: yet she seemed to dread only the nakedness of vice, and to be weakly proud of her own virtue. But when I looked upon the Queen—O Carlos! how different all was there! There was a tranquil innate glory, a careless ease, regardless of the petty calculations of decorum. She moved with firm and graceful step along the narrow path of propriety; scarce dreaming of that excellence, which gained her universal adoration.—Does my Carlos in this picture perceive the traces of his Eboli? The Princess was constant, because she loved: Love was the stipulated condition of her virtue. You have not rewarded it—'twill therefore fall.

CARLOS.

No! No!—(*A pause.*)—No, I say!—O Rodrigo wouldst thou rob thy Carlos of his dearest happiness, his trust in human excellence?

MARQUIS.

Why that thought? No, beloved of my soul, no, that I ne'er would do; by Heaven, I would not—Oh! this Eboli—I could worship her as an angel, could adore as a saint, had she not learnt thy secret.

CARLOS.

Thy fears are vain. What proof can she adduce against me, which will not shame herself? She will not purchase with her own dishonor the gloomy pleasure of revenge.

MARQUIS.

Often have women, to avenge the sting of disappointment, rush'd on their own disgrace.

CARLOS.

No, that is too unjust, too cruel! She has a noble pride; I know her, and fear nothing. In vain dost thou attempt to fright me from my hopes. I must speak to my mother.

MARQUIS.

Now?—To what purpose?

CARLOS.

I have no further scruple—I must know my fate. Only contrive that I may see her.

MARQUIS.

And would you shew this letter to her?

CARLOS.

Ask me not that—The means, the means of seeing her——

MARQUIS.

Did you not say, you loved your mother? And would you show this letter to her? (*Carlos looks on the ground, in silence.*) Carlos, I read a something in your looks, a something which is quite new to me—you turn your eyes away from me. Is it true then? Did I read right? Let me see. (*Carlos gives him the letter, the Marquis tears it.*)

CARLOS.

Art thou mad?—Indeed, this letter was of much importance to me.

MARQUIS.

So it seem'd; and therefore 'twas, I tore it. (*The Marquis fixes a penetrating look on the Prince, who eyes him doubtfully—Both remain some time*

silent.) Speak then—Do you build hopes upon the guilt of Philip? Think you the irritated feelings of a wife will lead to your own gratification? Now, indeed, I comprehend you. Oh! how much have I misjudged your love!

CARLOS.

(With agitation.)—How! Rodrigo! What are thy thoughts?

MARQUIS.

Oh! what ideas must I now resign! Yes, once—once it was otherwise. Once thy heart was warm and bounteous; it could embrace a world. But that is past, 'tis swallowed up in one poor selfish passion, and all thy feelings are extinct. No tear hast thou for the unhappy fate of a whole suffering people. No, not a tear.—O Carlos, how poor, how beggarly art thou become, by loving no one but thyself!

CARLOS.

(With great emotion.)—I know that thou esteemeſt me no longer.

MARQUIS.

Think you then, that I would flatter you with profeſſing an unreal friendship? No, Carlos, I underſtand your mind. It was a confuſion of noble feelings. The Queen was yours; ſhe was taken from you by the Monarch; yet 'till now

you modestly distrusted your own claims. You thought that Philip might be worthy of her. You dared not to decide in your own favor. The letter resolved your doubts—you found yourself the worthiest. With a proud joy you beheld Fate convicted of tyranny and injustice. You rejoiced in having been the injured person: for to the great mind 'tis glorious to bear wrongs unmerited. 'Twas here, that your imagination was led astray: your pride was flattered, your heart indulged a hope. I plainly saw, that you mistook yourself.

CARLOS.

(With emotion.)—No, Rodrigo! No—My thoughts were far less noble, than you would persuade me.

MARQUIS.

Do you know me so little? Whene'er you err, my Carlos, I always seek some virtue as the source of your failing.—We understand each other now—and I will no longer oppose your wishes. You shall see the Queen; you must see her. I myself will contrive the means of meeting.

CARLOS.

(Falling on his neck.)—Brother of my soul! Oh! how I blush beside thee!

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MARQUIS.

Are you certain then, that fear or selfishness is not my motive? But that, time will discover. You have my promise; now leave all to me. A bold idea rises in my mind—you shall hear it, Carlos, from more lovely lips. I will make my way to the Queen; perhaps to-morrow will show the result of my endeavors. 'Till then, forget not that a design of higher moment, a design, in which the sufferings of humanity are involved, must not, though ten thousand times frustrated, be given up. Remember Flanders!

CARLOS.

I will remember all—all that you and Virtue bid me, I will remember.

MARQUIS.

'Tis time to part. I hear your attendants. (*They embrace.*) Now we are again prince and subject.

CARLOS.

You go immediately to town?

MARQUIS.

Immediately.

CARLOS.

Stay! one word more! 'Tis of great importance. The King opens all letters to Brabant. Be on your guard: I know the post-office has secret orders.

MARQUIS.

How did you learn that?

CARLOS.

Don Raimond of Taxis is my good friend.

MARQUIS.

(After a pause.)—Well! They may be sent through Germany. *[Exeunt on different sides.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The KING's Bedchamber.

A recess, with curtains drawn before it. On the table, two lights, almost burnt out. In the back part of the chamber, some Pages on their knees, having fallen asleep. The KING in an undress, leaning on a chair. Before him lies a miniature and some papers.

KING.

(Lost in a reverie.)

SHE was ever an enthusiast—She could not entertain a love for me, and yet her mind seem'd not to feel the want of it—Well! Then 'tis plain—She's false. *(Stepping forward, he seems to recover from the reverie, and looks up with surprise.)*—Where were my thoughts?—Is no one here awake, but the King?—It cannot, sure, be day. *(He presses his repeater; it strikes four.)* I have foregone my night's rest. Nature, set it down as paid

to thee. A king has not time to recover his lost slumbers. *Observing the sleeping Pages, he remains some time looking at them; then pulls the bell.*) Are they asleep too in the antichamber?

SCENE II.

The KING. Count of LERMA.

LERMA.

(Surprised at seeing the King.)—Is your Majesty unwell?

KING.

Fire was cried in the left pavilion. Did you not hear the alarm?

LERMA.

No, Sire.

KING.

No!—How! Did I only dream it? 'Twas surely real.—Does not the Queen sleep in that wing?

LERMA.

Yes, Sire.

KING.

The thought affrights me. In future let the guards be doubled, as soon as it grows dark. But do it secretly. I would not have——Why do you gaze on me?

LERMA.

Your wearied eyes, Sire, seem to beg for rest. May I remind your Majesty of a precious life—May I remind you of a whole people who, with trembling apprehension, would read in such a countenance the traces of a sleepless night?—Two hours of morning sleep would——

KING.

If thou couldst tear the scorpion from my pillow—Sleep! Sleep! I shall find it in the Escorial.—So long as the King sleeps, the crown is lost to him; so long, the wife's heart is lost to the husband.—Away!

LERMA.

Is it your Majesty's command, that I should wake the Pages?

KING.

Let them sleep. I willingly trust those, who can sleep. This youth forgets I caused his father's blood to flow upon the scaffold.—And am I thus served? In all my empire was there none to guard me, but the sons of criminals?

LERMA.

They are but children, Sire—

KING.

No, No!—Was it not a woman that whisper'd it to me? Her name was Slander—I will have surer proof. (*To the Pages, who have awaked.*) Send for Toledo. (*Pages go.*)—Come hither, Count. Is it true? Oh! that I could but for a moment possess omniscience! Swear to me, is it true? Am I betrayed?

LERMA.

Most gracious, most dear Sovereign—

KING.

Sovereign! Nothing but Sovereign! I thirst for water to cool my feverish heat, but the cleft rock pours out a stream of molten gold.

LERMA.

What means your gracious Majesty?

KING.

Nothing. Nothing. Leave me; begone! (*The Count is going, the King calls him back.*)—Thou art married? Thou art a father?—Art thou not?

LERMA.

Yes, Sire.

KING.

Married! And darest thou watch a whole night with thy King? Thy hairs are silver'd o'er with age, and yet thou trustest to the honor of thy wife? Oh, go home! Thou wilt find her in the incestuous embraces of thy own son. Believe thy King.—Go home! Thou lookest on me—What! I too have grey hairs? Wretch! Queens never violate the laws of virtue. Thou diest, if thou but doubt—

LERMA.

Who can do that? Is there in all the empire of my sovereign a being, that dares breathe poisonous suspicion against such angel purity? that dares so deeply wound the best of queens?—

KING.

The best!—And thou too callest her so! She has warm friends, I find, among my servants. To buy their friendship, must have cost her much—more than I knew she had to give.—You may depart: bid the Duke come to me.

LERMA.

I hear him already in the antichamber. (*Going.*)

KING:

(*In a milder tone.*)—Count, what you just now said, perhaps is true. This sleepless night has

quite inflamed my brain. Forget the ravings of my waking dream. Do you hear me? Forget them—I am still your gracious sovereign. (*He extends his hand to him to kiss. Lerma admits the Duke of Alva into the chamber, and exit.*)

SCENE III.

The KING. Duke of ALVA.

ALVA.

(*Afide.*)—So unexpected a command! And at this hour!—(*Observing the King's looks, he starts.*) These looks too!—

KING.

(*Having seated himself at the table, takes up the miniature. Then looks for some time at the Duke, in silence.*)—Have I not one faithful servant then?—I have received a mortal injury. They knew it, and not one of them would warn me!

ALVA.

My Sovereign injured, and I overlook it!

KING.

(*Showing him some letters.*)—Do you know this hand?

U

ALVA.

It is the Prince's—

KING.

Do you suspect nothing yet? You caution'd me against his ambition. Had I nought else to fear from him?

ALVA.

Ambition is a word of comprehensive import: much may be wrapt up in it.

KING.

But have you no particular suspicion?

ALVA.

Your Majesty entrusted to my vigilance your crown. Where that is concern'd, my inmost thoughts are yours. What else I may suspect, may think, or know, is to myself. This sacred treasure even the purchased slave may keep from all the sovereigns of the earth. What to my soul is clear, may not be sure enough to lay before my King. But, Sire, if you are resolved to be informed, I must entreat you, not to ask me as a master.

KING.

(*Giving him the letters.*)—Read these!

ALVA.

(After reading them, turns toward the King, with a look of terror.) Who could be mad enough to give these cursed papers into your hands, my Sovereign?

KING.

What! Then you know, who 'tis that's meant? The name is not express'd there.

ALVA.

(Confused.) I was too hasty.

KING.

You know—

ALVA.

'Tis spoken.—My King commands me, and I cannot retreat. I will not deny it, I know the person.

KING.

(Starting up in violent emotion.) God of revenge, inspire me to invent unheard-of torture! Is their crime so clear, so public, that the first hint suffices to explain it. That is too much—I knew not that—I am the last in my whole empire, to whom it is revealed.

ALVA.

(Throwing himself at the feet of the King.) Yes, most gracious monarch, I confess my guilt. I am ashamed, that a coward prudence should have kept

me silent, when my sovereign's honor, when truth and justice loudly called on me to speak. But since all are silent, since the magic spell of beauty binds every tongue, I will dare to utter it; although I know, that the insinuating protestations of a son, that a wife's seductive charms and tears—

KING.

Rise! thou hast my royal word.—Rise! and fearlessly!

ALVA.

(*Rising.*) Your Majesty perhaps may recollect, what happen'd in the garden of Aranjuez. You found the Queen deserted by all her ladies, alone, confused, in a retired arbour,

KING.

Ha! What hast thou to tell me? Go on!

ALVA.

The Marchioness of Mondecar was banished, because she magnanimously sacrificed herself for the Queen. 'Tis since discovered, that the Marchioness only did as she was ordered.—The Prince had been there!

KING.

The Prince!

ALVA.

A man's footstep appeared in the sand, at the left entrance of the arbour, and lost itself near a

grotto, where was found a handkerchief of the Prince's. This awakened a suspicion: besides, a gardener met the Prince there, precisely at the minute when your Majesty enter'd the harbour.

KING.

(Recovering from a gloomy meditation.) And she wept at the doubts I seem'd to entertain! She made me blush before my whole court, before myself—by heaven, I stood in presence of her virtue, like a criminal. *(A long and deep silence—he sits down, and hides his face.)* Yes, Duke, you are right. This may lead to something terrible.—Leave me a moment to myself.

ALVA.

Gracious Sire, even this is not sufficient—

KING.

(Snatching up the papers.) Nor this? nor this? nor all the harmony of damning proofs? Oh! it is clearer than the light! 'Tis what I've long since known. The mischief even then began, when I received her from your hands, at Madrid. I see her now, with that look of terror, pale as a ghost, her eyes still fix'd on my grey hair—Even then the false game began.

ALVA.

The Prince, in receiving his young mother, lost a bride. Already had they mutually indulged fond

wishes, had cherish'd glowing sentiments, which their new state forbade. The timidity of a first confession had been overcome, and seduction veiled itself under the specious semblance of a once lawful passion. United by a similitude of temperament and age, incensed by the same constraint, they more readily obeyed their feelings. Reasons of state had opposed their union—who can believe, that those reasons would satisfy her mind? Who can think, that she would not scrutinize the motives of the cabinet? She was prepared for love, and she received a diadem.

KING.

You are a nice observer, Duke—and I admire your eloquence; I thank you (*Rising, with a haughty reserve.*) The Queen has err'd in keeping from me letters of such an import. She has err'd in concealing the culpable intrusion of the Prince. I shall know, how to punish her (*Rings the bell.*) Who waits in the antichamber?—Duke of Alva, I want you no further, you may withdraw.

ALVA.

Has my zeal a second time displeased your Majesty?

KING.

(*To a Page who enters.*) Bid Dominick come to me.

[*Exit Page, the Duke follows.*]

SCENE IV.

The KING. DOMINICK.

DOMINICK.

(After contemplating the King for some time in a respectful silence.) How happily am I surprised, to find your Majesty so tranquil and collected!

KING.

Surprised!

DOMINICK.

Heaven be thanked, my fears were groundless. Now I may hope—

KING.

Your fears! What was there to fear?

DOMINICK.

I dare not conceal it from your Majesty, that I already know a secret—

KING.

(With gloominess.) I expressed no wish to share it. Why do you offer it thus uncalled for? You are too bold.

DOMINICK.

My Sovereign ! The place, the occasion, the seal of secrecy, under which I learnt it, all acquit me of this fault. It was entrusted to me at the seat of confession—entrusted as a crime, which pressed heavily upon the tender conscience of her, who own'd it, and who sought pardon of the Almighty. Too late does the Princess deplore a deed, from which she dreads the most unhappy consequences to her Queen.

KING.

Indeed ! Sweet maid ! — You have rightly guess'd the reason of my sending for you.—You shall guide me out of this labyrinth, in which a blind zeal has entangled me. From you, from your sacred office, I look for truth. Tell me frankly, what must I believe ? on what resolve ?—

DOMINICK.

Sire, though my holy profession had not imposed on me the pleasing duty of indulgence, yet would I conjure your Majesty, for the sake of your own peace, to urge no further this discovery—would entreat you, to cease for ever from pursuing a secret, which must be fatal to your repose. All that as yet is known, may be forgiven. One word of yours annihilates the Queen's offence. The Monarch's will can bestow virtue, as easily as fortune ; and your magnanimous forbearance

would alone suffice to silence all the tongues of slander.

KING.

Slander ! Slander heard among my subjects ! and against me !

DOMINICK.

Falsehood all ! I dare swear 'tis false. Yet the suspicions of the people, however groundless, are sometimes as important as truth itself.

KING.

Great God ! Not in this instance, surely !

DOMINICK.

A good name is that precious jewel, for which alone a queen must contend, even with a vassal's wife—

KING.

But 'tis not now endangered ? (*He looks doubtfully at Dominick—after a pause*) Dominick, thou hast something terrible to tell me. Delay it not. I have long read it in those ill-boding looks. Speak, be it what'er it may ! Let me no longer tremble on the rack ; but speak ! What think the people ?

DOMINICK.

Once more, Sire, the people may mistake, and surely do. Their opinion should not shake the King. Yet, that they should dare to go so far, to indulge such thoughts—

KING.

What ! must I entreat so long to taste a poisoned draught ?

DOMINICK.

The people remember that unfortunate month, when your Royal Majesty was brought so near to death.—Thirty weeks after this, they heard of the happy birth—(*The King rises, and rings the bell. The Duke of Alva enters, Dominick appears terrified.*) I am astonished, Sire—

KING.

Alva, you are a man ; defend me against this priest.

ALVA.

Collect yourself, Sire—

KING.

(*After looking earnestly at Alva, turns from him.*)
What am I doing ? Am I in such hands ? Do I fly from a serpent, only to meet a crocodile ? Have I no other choice ?

DOMINICK.

(*Aside to Alva.*) Could we have known before, that this tale would be revenged upon the bearer—

KING.

A bastard, said you ?—I had, you say, scarcely escaped the fangs of death, when she felt herself a

mother? How! if I mistake not, you then offer'd prayers in all the churches to your saint, for the great miracle. But—'tis a miracle no longer.—On one side or the other then you have lied. What must I credit?—Oh, I see through you now. This conspiracy even then was ripening—

ALVA.

Conspiracy!

DOMINICK.

Conspiracy! How painful a suspicion!

KING,

Is it possible, that you should, with such unexampled harmony, concur in the same notion, and not have previously compared your sentiments? Would you persuade me of that? Think you, that I perceived not, with what eagerness you darted on your prey, with what delight you fed upon the transports of my grief? Do you imagine, that I remark'd not the ardent zeal, which urged this Duke to snatch the favors destined to my son; which made this priest attempt to arm his petty malice with my giant anger? You regard me as the bow, which you can bend at pleasure. But know, I act from my own will; and if I needs must doubt, I shall perhaps begin with you.

ALVA.

This is a reward, which our fidelity did not expect.

KING.

Fidelity! Fidelity cautions its master against approaching danger; but 'tis malice, that speaks only of the past. Say, what did I gain by your officiousness? If your suggestions be true, what remains to me, but the sad wound of separation, the melancholy triumph of revenge?—But yours are mere suspicions. You tempt me to an infernal precipice, then fly, and leave me tottering on its brink.

DOMINICK.

What other proofs are possible, when even the eye can scarcely trust itself!

KING:

(Turning to Dominick, after a long pause, with an earnest solemnity.) I will assemble the grandees of my kingdom, and sit myself in judgment. Then, if you have courage, stand forth, and accuse her of adultery. She shall die—die without mercy, she and the Prince.—But, mark me! if she can clear herself, that punishment shall be yours.—Dare you make such a sacrifice to truth? Answer me!—You dare not! You are silent! Such is the zeal of liars.

ALVA.

(Who has stood at a distance, answers coldly.) I will do it.

KING.

(Turns round with astonishment, and gazes at the

Duke.) That is bold.—And yet thou hast often risked thy life in battle for a more trifling object—hast risked it, as a thoughtless gamester for the bubble honor. And what, indeed, is life to thee? What charms has it to vassals, whose heritage is slavery? I will not trust royal blood in a madman's hands, whose highest hope must be to die with glory. I reject your offer. Go! and in the audience chamber wait for my further orders.

[*Exeunt Dominick and Alva.*]

SCENE V.

KING *alone.*

Almighty Providence! grant, that I may find one human being!—Thou hast given me much—grant me this one request. Thy eyes can view the inmost thoughts of man; direct me to find a friend: for I am not like thee omniscient. Thou knowest what they are, whom thou hast given me as assistants. Their labor I have dearly purchased; their slavish vices are subject to my will, as the wild tempests obey the laws of nature. Truth is my aim. 'Tis not the lot of monarchs to discover her silent springs, which flow beneath the pond'rous mass of error. Give me the man with pure and open heart, with a clear spirit and unjaundiced eye, by whose assistance I may bring to light those

springs. While I review the names of thousands, who flutter in the sunshine of a court, aid me to find that man so rare and virtuous. (*He unlocks a scrutoire, and takes out a portfolio. After turning over some leaves.*) Mere names!—Mere names are here, and not even the mention of those merits to which they owe their place in the catalogue. Gratitude is forgetful.—But in this other list every offence is accurately noted. That is not well! Revenge has not so weak a memory. (*He reads farther.*) Count Egmont*! What does he here? His merit at St. Quentin has long since been overbalanced by his faults. (*He erases the name, and writes it in the other list. Afterwards he continues to read.*) Marquis of Posa!—Posa! I scarce remember him.—And doubly marked! A proof, that I destined him to some great purpose. And he has ever since withdrawn from my presence! Has avoided his royal debtor! By heaven, in all my empire he is the only man, who does not need my favor. Were he possessed of avarice or ambition, he would have appeared before my throne. I'll try this man. He who needs me not, perhaps will speak the truth to me. [*Exit.*]

* The decisive victory of St. Quentin is chiefly ascribed to the skill and bravery of this nobleman. But notwithstanding his great merit in this and other instances, he afterwards fell a victim to the zealous superstition and cruelty of Philip. T.

SCENE. VI.

The Audience-chamber.

Don CARLOS in conversation with the Prince of PARMA. The Dukes of ALVA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA. The Count of LERMA and some other Grandees with papers in their hands, waiting for the KING.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

(Seems to be shunned by the Grandees, at last he addresses the Duke of Alva, who has been walking up and down, in silent meditation.)—Duke, you have seen the King—how did you find him disposed?

ALVA.

Very badly for you and your tidings.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

I felt myself more easy amidst the fire of the English cannon, than in this chamber. *(Carlos, who has been observing him silently, as if interested by his appearance, approaches and grasps him by the hand.)*—Thanks, kind Prince, for this magnanimous compassion! You see, how all avoid me. My ruin is now sealed.

CARLOS.

Hope the best, my friend, from my father's justice, and your own innocence.

I have lost such a fleet, as ne'er before appeared upon the sea. What satisfaction is a head like this for the destruction of seventy galleons? But, Prince—five sons, hopeful as yourself—there my heart fails.

SCENE VII.

The KING coming out of his apartment. The FORMER. All the Grandees make way respectfully, and arrange themselves in a semicircle. A general silence. Don CARLOS and the Prince of PARMA approach first, and kiss the KING's hand. He turns with some affability to the latter, without noticing his son.

KING.

Your mother, nephew, wishes to know, how you are liked at Madrid.

PARMA.

Let her not ask that, before the issue of my first battle.

KING.

Be satisfied; your turn will come, when these old generals have retired. *(To the Duke of Feria.)*—What news bring you?

FERIA.

(Bending one knee.)—The grandmaster of the order of Calatrava died this morning. Here is his cross of knighthood.

KING.

(Taking the cross.)—On whom can I most worthily bestow it? *(He beckons to the Duke of Alva, who approaches, and kneels on one knee, whilst the King hangs the cross round his neck.)*
—Duke, you are the first of my generals; wish not to be more, and you shall ever share my favor. *(Perceiving the Duke of Medina Sidonia.)*
My Admiral!

MEDINA SIDONIA.

(Approaches trembling, and kneels before the King, with his head bent down.)—Great King, of all your vast armada I bring nothing back, but this.

KING.

The will of Heaven is irresistible. I sent you to contend with men, and not with rocks and tempests. You are welcome to Madrid. *(Gives him his hand to kiss.)*—And I thank you for preferring in yourself, a faithful servant to me. For such, Lords, I acknowledge him to be, and as such I will that he be respected. *(Turning to Don Carlos and the Prince of Parma.)*—I thank you, Princes. *(They depart. The other Grandees approach, and kneeling present their papers to the King. He looks over them hastily, and gives them to the Duke of Alva.)*—Lay them before me in the cabinet. Are there no more? *(No person answers.)*—How happens it, that among all my grandees, the Mar-

quis of Posa never appears ? I well know, that this nobleman has served me with honor. Does he still live ? Why is he not here ?

LERMA.

The Marquis is lately returned from travelling through the whole of Europe. He is, at present, in Madrid, and waits for the first public day, to throw himself at his Sovereign's feet.

ALVA.

Marquis of Posa ! He, Sire, is the bold knight, of whom that enthusiastic action is related. When at the call of the Grand Master, the Knights of Malta assembled in their island, which was besieged by Soliman, this youth, scarce eighteen years of age, disappeared from the university of Alcala, and unexpectedly arrived at La Valette. "This badge of knighthood," said he, "was purchased for me, and I will show, that I am worthy of it." He was one of those forty knights, who defended the castle of St. Elmo against the three repeated assaults of Piali, Ulucciali, Mustapha, and Hassem ; when it at last was carried, and all the knights around him had fallen, he threw himself into the sea, and reach'd Valette alone. Two months after, the infidels quitted the island, and the knight returned to finish his studies at the university.

FERIA.

'It was this same Marquis, who crushed the

formidable conspiracy in Catalonia; and by his exertions alone, preserved to the crown its most important province.

LERMA.

He it was, who not long afterwards, called by his father's death to the rank of a grandee, and to the possession of a princely fortune, retired, with unexampled moderation, from the midst of tempting honors. Now he lives unnoticed in this court, only because his modest merit shrinks from its just reward.

KING.

I am astonished! What a man is he, who can act thus, and yet has not an enemy among three persons, who have spoken of him! Such a man, if he has ought of character, must have a noble one. I am curious to speak with him. (*To the Duke of Alva.*)—Bring him, after mass, into my cabinet. (*Exit Duke. The King to Feria.*)—And you, meanwhile, preside for me at the council board. [*Exit.*]

FERIA.

The King, to-day, is very gracious.

MEDINA SIDONIA.

Rather say, godlike. He has been so to me.

FERIA.

How highly you deserve your good fortune! Believe me, Admiral, I participate it.

1st GRANDEE.

And I, believe me.

2d GRANDEE.

And I too, indeed.

3d GRANDEE.

My heart beat with joy at your reception. So excellent a commander !

1st GRANDEE.

It was not a favor ; it was but justice from the King.

LERMA.

(*To Medina Sidonia.*)—How have two words enrich'd you ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The King's Cabinet.

Marquis of POSA, and Duke of ALVA.

MARQUIS.

Me does he want ? Me ! It cannot be ; you are surely mistaken. What can he want with me ?

ALVA.

He desires to know you. More I have not heard.

MARQUIS.

I am a man of no importance. You know that well; you should have told him so. 'Tis no one's fault, but yours.

ALVA.

Mine! You surely jest. How should I know to what employment he destines you?

MARQUIS.

To none, you may be sure.

ALVA.

Yet, even if——

MARQUIS.

If it be from curiosity—Oh! I lament, to waste my moments thus! Life flies too swiftly!

ALVA.

You know not how to value your good fortune.

MARQUIS.

True, I know not.

ALVA.

There are millions, who would envy you this place.

MARQUIS.

Indeed! I am sorry for it. (*Looking around him.*)
—I here, in this chamber! How useless! how absurd!

ALVA.

To the philosopher, indeed, this way of thinking is suitable enough. (*Going.*)

MARQUIS.

Whither go you ?

ALVA.

To announce you to the King.

MARQUIS.

Oh ! there is no need of haste. Pray, tell me, how long I shall be detained.

ALVA.

According as you please the Sovereign.

MARQUIS.

What ! must I please him ? That task will be hard. I fear I shall perform it badly.

ALVA.

Yes, if you do not wish to please. I commit you to your good stars. The King is favorable to you ; employ this opportunity, as you can. If it escape, the fault is yours. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

MARQUIS, *alone.*

The Duke is right. That opportunity, which presents itself but once, should be at once embraced. Indeed, this courtier gives me a useful lesson ! How came I hither ? Is it the whimsical caprice of chance alone, to which I owe this honor ? Why, among millions, should it fix on me, of all apparently the most unlikely ? Why present my image to the King ? Was that but chance ? Perhaps 'twas something more. What else is chance, but the unformed stone, which from the sculptor's hand receives its animation ? It is given by Providence, and man directs it to its purpose. Whate'er the King may want with me, it matters not ; I know the business I shall have with him. Were but one spark of truth cast boldly into his soul, how powerful, with the aid of Heaven, might it prove ! Thus what I first thought accident, may be the work of Providence. Whate'er it be, I'll act in this belief. (*He remains in silent contemplation. The King advances from the adjoining apartment, and stopping at the door, looks for some minutes at the Marquis, without being perceived by him.*)

SCENE X.

The KING, and the Marquis of POSA.

(The Marquis as soon as he perceives the King, approaches towards him, sinks on one knee, then rises again, and stands before him, without any symptoms of timidity.)

KING.

You have spoken with me before ?

MARQUIS.

No, Sire.—

KING.

You rendered a signal service to the crown. Why did you avoid my thanks ? The names of thousands crowd upon my memory ; but I cannot, like the Almighty, attend at once to all. You should have appeared before me. Why did you not ?

MARQUIS.

It is but two days, Sire, since I returned to Spain.

KING.

I would not remain indebted to a subject. Ask of me a favor.

MARQUIS.

I enjoy the protection of the laws,

KING.

This even the criminal may boast.

MARQUIS.

How much more, then, the good citizen! Sirs,
I am satisfied.

KING.

(*Aside.*)—Heavens, an undaunted spirit! But that I should have expected—the Turkish crescent would not have else been shaken? It pleases me to see this noble pride possess a Spanish breast. (*To the Marquis.*)—You quitted my service, as I hear.

MARQUIS.

I retired, to give place to a better.

KING.

That I am sorry for. How great is the loss to my state, when such men as you are unemploy'd! Perhaps you thought, you might not reach the sphere best suited to your merits.

MARQUIS.

O no! I doubt not, that the skilful artist, who guides the operations of a subject people, must at the first glance have discovered, for what employment I was fitted. I feel with humble gratitude the

favor, which your Majesty heaps on me by such a flattering opinion. Yet——

KING.

You hesitate.

MARQUIS.

Sire, my sentiments are those of a citizen of the world, and I must own, that I have not yet learnt to cloath them in the language of your subject. For when I left for ever the service of the crown, I thought myself released from the necessity of explaining the reasons of my conduct.

KING.

Were they so weak then? What do you fear to hazard by their declaration?

MARQUIS.

If, Sire, you give me time to unfold them fully, I can hazard but my life, at most; if this favor is denied me, truth itself may suffer. I must choose, then, between your displeasure and contempt; and I prefer the former to the latter.

KING.

Well!

MARQUIS.

I cannot be the servant of a Prince;

KING.

Because you fear to be his slave?

MARQUIS.

No, Sire: that I shall never fear. But I would not degrade my Sovereign to a slave. (*The King looks at him with astonishment.*)—Should you employ me, Sire, you would purchase a stipulated measure of my services. You would require my arm and courage in the field, my judgment in the council. Whatever I should do, would become the property of the throne. To the royal treasure would belong the beauty of my actions, my self-applause and pleasure of invention. I should be used as a machine: I should consider not the nature of my actions, but their reception at the throne. I, on the contrary, esteem virtue for herself. I would create that happiness, which now a Monarch by my hand produces; and that which now is duty, would thus be choice. My desires would prompt me to invade the kingly privilege of inward satisfaction, to overstep the limits of my office, and, pleased with my own conduct, to disregard the inclinations of my Sovereign. Can you approve of this? Can you bear to see another interfere in what you are creating? As for me, I'll not debase myself to be the tool, where I can act the artist's part. I love mankind; but in a monarch's service, I could love no one but myself.

KING.

Your ardor is most laudable. You are anxious to do good, and how you do it, matters not to the

patriot or the sage. Choose in my whole kingdom the post, wherein you best may satisfy this noble passion.

MARQUIS.

I know of none.

KING.

How !

MARQUIS.

I cannot, as a servant of your Majesty, diffuse that happiness which pure benevolence would dictate. That happiness a king would tremble at. The policy of monarchs invented new enjoyments for mankind, which it was always rich enough to pay. It excited in the human breast desires, which those enjoyments alone could gratify. It circulated none but those truths, which suited its own purposes : all others were rejected. Such was the policy of monarchs, such the happiness at which it aim'd ! But can these views conduce to universal good ? or is my wish confined to the mere interests of a throne ? Can I sacrifice those of humanity ? Can I suppose my fellow beings happy, whilst their minds are enslaved ? He who is worthy of my friendship, would be wretched under Philip's sceptre. Such feelings I should wish him to possess. Therefore, Sire, choose not me, as the dispenser of those gifts, which you have to bestow. I must decline this office. I cannot be the servant of a Prince.

KING.

Who was it that brought this man to me?
(*Looks at him a long while doubtfully.*)—And think you by such sophistry to evade the duties which you owe to the state?

MARQUIS.

The state, to which I owed them, is no more. The sovereign once existed at the command of the laws; now the laws exist but in subservience to the sovereign. What I then owed to the community, I owe not to a monarch.—My country! Where is it? Spain is no longer dear to her own sons. She is become the body of one only mind, which actuates at will the vast gigantic mass. She flourishes for you alone: you deal out felicity only as the food, which supports her vassal strength. Men are esteem'd not for themselves, but, like the eye or ear, for service. Their nature, their very being, the freedom of their will, is lost. The mind but vegetates, and wit and virtue are cultivated for the throne, as corn for the sickle of the reaper. (*Perceiving some emotion in the King, he stops—but after a short silence, proceeds.*)—Mankind are wholly changed, I no longer know them. The species itself, the ties of nature, all are anew created by the monarch. His policy has found a standard by which every mind is regulated—has found it?—no, 'twas found long since.

KING.

You are a Protestant?

MARQUIS.

Your faith, Sire, is also mine.—Perhaps you judge amiss of me. You see the veil drawn by my hand from the mysteries of royal power: and you believe, that I no longer respect that, which I have ceased to fear. You think me dangerous, because I have investigated my own nature. No, my King, I am not dangerous: for here, (*pointing to his breast*) here all my wishes lie concealed. The mad rage of innovation, which but augments the weight of chains it cannot break, shall never fire my blood. This century is not ripe for my ideas; I look to future ages.—Does a mere picture of the imagination seem so formidable to you? You may destroy it with a breath.

KING.

Am I the first, to whom you have thus disclosed your mind?

MARQUIS.

Yes, Sire—the first.

KING.

You should have learnt, whether you might venture on such a step. And do you so well know me?

MARQUIS.

Whether I ought to have so far ventured, Sire, I now shall learn. But when I dared to claim the greater merit, it became me to suppose, my Sovereign had at least the inferior—that of listening to the truths, which I revealed to him.

KING.

(*Aside.*)—This tone is new to me. The incense of flattery and submission in time exhausts itself. For once I'll try the contrary. Why should I not? There is a charm in novelty. (*To the Marquis.*) Well, I must find some new employment for you, adapted to your eccentric notions.

MARQUIS.

I perceive, Sire, how meanly you esteem the dignity of man: you are surpris'd at him, who boldly dares remind you of it, and think his free undaunted language is but a cloak to flattery. I know the origin of such an error; 'twas in the conduct of mankind themselves. They willingly disclaimed a noble nature, and courted degradation. Terrified at the shadow of their own inward greatness, they fled to abject pleasures, adorned their chains with slavish prudence, and called it virtue to bear them with resignation. 'Twas into such a world you enter'd: 'twas such a world, that was committed to your great father's rule. It was

not possible, you should respect mankind, when, thus debased.

KING.

Your words contain some truth.

MARQUIS.

But, though you changed man from the work of the Almighty into a creature of your own, and made yourself his god, still you remain'd a mortal; nor could this new creation raise you above the weakness of human nature. Form'd with the wants and feelings of a man, in vain did you aspire to godlike excellence. Amidst delights you still are wretched. Enjoyment is imperfect, unless it be reflected in the eyes of others. But that which beams in those of your vassals, is it the reflection of your transports? No—like untrue mirrors, they give not back the pure and faithful image, which they received. 'Tis interest alone, that sways their feelings: for on your smiles and frowns, their wealth, their rank, their very life depends. The monarch's satisfaction is to the vassal a sure prognostic of his own advantage: and who can blame him for dwelling only on this idea? O mournful change! Unhappy perversion of nature! Mankind are made mere instruments of your pleasures—pleasures, which no one can participate with you!

KING.

(*Aside.*)—By Heaven, he moves my very soul!

MARQUIS.

But what, to you, is such a sacrifice? You are render'd by it an unrivalled being—a species in yourself. It is the price you pay for being elevated to divinity; and 'twould be dreadful, were it otherwise. If for this price, if for the misery of millions, for the destruction of your own happiness, you had gained nothing in return—Or, what is far more dreadful, if you should have impoverished millions, only to render yourself still poorer: if that very liberty, which you have annihilated, should be the only thing, which could have made you happy—I beg, Sire, you would dismiss me. My heart is full; and 'tis a charm which I cannot resist, to find myself in presence of the only man, to whom I wish to pour forth all its feelings. (*The Count of Lerma enters, and whispers a few words to the King, who in return makes a sign, on which Lerma withdraws.*)

KING.

Proceed!

MARQUIS.

The noble lion suffers the insect to sport about his mane. I feel, Sire, all the greatness of this favor; and am thankful.

A A

KING.

You have something more to say. Go on.

MARQUIS.

May it please your Majesty, I lately pass'd through Flanders and Brabant. Such rich and blooming provinces! a people so great, so valiant, and so good! To be the father of such a people, methought, was godlike—But then—I saw the scattered bones of men. (*He stops, and fixes a penetrating look on the King, who, unable to resist it, casts his eyes on the ground, in confusion.*) Right! You are forced to act thus—but that you should be able to act as you are forced—that 'tis, which fills me with awful wonder. To pursue the dictates of calm unbiaſſed reason, amidst the torture of repugnant feelings—to grasp ice unmelting in the fiery hand, is more than nature ever granted to another mortal. Alas! The victim weltering in his blood, can scarcely praise those virtues in the priest, who sacrifices him. The history of man should be written by beings superior to all human frailty.—Milder ages, attended by more lenient wisdom, will succeed the reign of Philip. The happiness of the subject will walk hand in hand with the Prince's greatness. The careful state will spare her children's blood, and even tyrant necessity will be humane.

KING.

Think you, these better times would e'er arrive, if I were frightened from my duty by the fear of present slander? Look around you, and see in Spain a happy people, who flourish in uninterrupted peace. The same quiet, I wish to give to Flanders.

MARQUIS.

The quiet of the grave—And do you hope to finish what you have begun? Think you, you can retard the ripen'd change of the whole christian world? Would you alone in Europe stop the wheel of destiny, whilst urging onward its resistless course? The attempt is vain—'tis vain, believe me. Enthusiasm, with tenfold greater force, rises against the oppressor. Already thousands have fled your land in joyful poverty. Those whom their faith has driven into exile, were your most valuable subjects. Elizabeth receives the fugitives with a mother's kindness, and Britain flourishes in the arts, which have been banished from our country. Grenada mourns the loss of her industrious citizens, and exulting Europe sees her enemy bleeding by self-inflicted wounds. (*The King appears moved.*) A work so contrary to nature, though planned for eternity, must quickly perish; it cannot survive the existence of its author. You have labour'd for ingratitude. In vain you have struggled with mankind: in vain you

have lavished a precious life, and sacrificed so many royal virtues, in the pursuit of a delusive phantom. You have esteem'd man too lightly: this was your error, this alone. A future race will trample on the ruins of that edifice, which you intended for its tomb; will, with contemptuous mockery, join your name to those of Nero and Busris. Alas! I pity you: for you were good.

KING.

Are you so sure of that?

MARQUIS.

Yes, by the Almighty! Yes, I repeat it. Restore what you have taken from us: pour forth universal happiness from the horn of plenty. Cherish the ripening mind of your vast empire; and you will be a king of godlike subjects. (*He advances boldly, grasps the King's hand, and fixes on him a look of earnestness and enthusiasm.*) Oh! could the eloquence of all those thousands, who share the existence of this hour, hover on my lips, that I might fan into a flame the spark, which animates those eyes!—Give up this mad ambition. Become to us an example of true greatness. Never, never did a mortal possess so much, for purposes so noble. All the kings of Europe pay homage to the Spanish name. Step forth as leader of these kings. One

line, one word, written by this hand, may create anew the world. (*Casting himself at his feet.*)

KING.

Strange enthusiasm!—But rise!

MARQUIS.

Look through the wide extent of nature! All is liberty. The great Creator of the universe bestows it on the insect, which the dew-drop nourishes. How narrow, how poor is your creation!—The master of the Christian world is startled at the rustling of a leaf. He trembles even at virtues.

KING.

And will you undertake to trace this glorious plan of liberty in my states?

MARQUIS.

You can, and you alone. Let all those talents, which have so long been subservient to ambition, be henceforth devoted to your people. Confer on man his former dignity. Let the citizen be once more the object of his monarch's care.—Then, Sir, when you have raised your kingdom to this envied height, the mighty plan is ripe—Then may you—'twill be your duty—extend your empire o'er the world.

KING.

(After a long pause.)—I have suffer'd you to conclude; and I perceive you look not on the world with common eyes. I will not, therefore, judge you by common rules. You have laid open to me alone the inmost recesses of your soul. For your commendable moderation, in keeping secret until now these bold conceptions—for such discretion will I forget, young man, that I have heard these words—forget, with what freedom you have uttered them. Rise! I will refute your youthful errors by maturer reason, and not by kingly power. Such is my will, and therefore do I so. *(After looking earnestly at him for some time.)* Poison itself, I find, may in a worthy nature be converted into goodness.—Beware of the Inquisition; I should be sorry——

MARQUIS.

Indeed!

KING.

(Contemplating the Marquis with admiration.)—Never before have I beheld such a man. No, Marquis, no! You wrong me. I will not be a Nero: to you, at least, I will not. All happiness shall not be blasted beneath my sceptre. You yourself, you, to your own confusion, shall still possess inviolate the privileges of humanity.

MARQUIS.

And my countrymen? O Sire! It was not for myself alone I pleaded. Your subjects, Sire——

KING.

(Continuing.)—If you know, how future times will judge me, tell them, when I found a man, indeed, how 'twas I treated him.

MARQUIS.

Oh! let not the most just of kings be, at the same time, most unjust. In your provinces of Flanders, Sire, are thousands worthier than I. Perhaps, great Monarch—may I freely speak it? you ne'er till now have viewed liberty in so amiable a light.

KING.

No more of that, young man. I am persuaded, when you know mankind, your sentiments will alter. But I should wish to see you soon again. Tell me how can I oblige you? You are the first, of whom I ever was compell'd to ask that question.

MARQUIS.

That one word, Sire, is dearer to me than all, that even your power can bestow. Let me remain as I am. What should I be to you, Sire, if I could be purchased?

KING.

This is too much. From this day you shall be in my service. No opposition ; I will have it so. (*After a pause.*) One word more ! You have discovered the secrets of my throne ; those of my house remain. (*The Marquis seems to meditate.*) I understand you—yet, though I am a most unhappy father, I still may be a happy husband.

MARQUIS.

If a virtuous son, and the possession of a lovely consort, can give a claim to happiness, you, Sire, must in both be happy.

KING.

No, I am not ; nor did I ever feel my wretchedness so forcibly, 'till now. (*Contemplating the Marquis with melancholy.*) How would it have delighted your father, Marquis, to have bequeathed to such a son a kingdom ! (*The Marquis turns away his face mournfully.*) No gratitude for such an empire !

MARQUIS.

The Prince's mind is noble. I never found it otherwise.

KING.

I have, alas !—Then you know each other ?

MARQUIS.

Yes—we were together at the university.

KING.

He ne'er respected me. Before the whole world,
he has turn'd my name to mockery. His heart is
bad.

MARQUIS.

Let me but speak.—

KING.

No—if you would not lose for ever my esteem.
—What he has robb'd me of, no crown can pay
—so virtuous a Queen !

MARQUIS.

Who can dare, Sire——

KING.

The world—I myself—Here lie proofs, which
cannot be refuted—others exist, from which I fear
the most horrible discoveries—yet Marquis, pain-
ful is it to me to believe them. Who are her
accusers ? Can she have fallen into such dis-
honor ? Oh ! how much more easily could I be-
lieve, that Eboli is a slanderer ! Does not the monk
hate both my son and her ? Do I not know that
Alva broods on revenge ? My wife has far more
worth than all of them.

MARQUIS.

Sire, in Woman's soul there is a jewel, not to be
dimin'd by slander—the jewel of female virtue.

KING.

True, Marquis ! To sink so deep as they accuse the Queen, is too sudden a debasement. The fine ties of honor break not so easily, as they would persuade me. The blood, which flows in royal veins, is too pure to mingle with the poison of libidinous desire. You are the man, whom I so long have wanted : you, or no one. Your temper is gay and pleasing, yet you can see into the human mind. I choose you therefore——

MARQUIS.

Me, Sire !

KING.

You were admitted to your Sovereign's presence, and did not ask one favor : that is a circumstance quite new to me. You will be just. Passion will not warp your judgment. Get near the Prince ; learn the Queen's sentiments. I myself will give you an introduction to her. Meanwhile, be my chamberlain. Now leave me. (*He rings a bell.*)

MARQUIS.

If, before I go, Sire, you deign to grant my only prayer, this day will be the happiest of my life.

KING.

(*Extends his hand to him to kiss.*)—'Tis not a lost

day in mine. Come to me soon again. (*The Count of Lerma enters—the King addressing him.*) Admit the Chevalier in future without announcing him.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

The QUEEN, Duchess of OLIVAREZ, Princess of EBOLI, Countess of FUENTES, and other LADIES.

QUEEN.

(To the Duchess of Olivarez.)

THE key then was not found? Well, the scrutoire must be immediately broken open. *(Perceiving the Princess approaching, she offers her hand to kiss.)* Welcome, dear Princess! I rejoice to see you thus recover'd.—But you look pale.

FUENTES.

(Sarcastically.)—For that, we must blame the fever, which so affects your nerves. Must we not, Princess?

QUEEN.

I greatly wish'd to have seen you, my dear Eboli—but I'm restrain'd, you know.

OLIVAREZ.

The Princess was not in want of company.

QUEEN.

So I suppose. But what makes you tremble thus ?

EBOLI.

Nothing ; nothing at all, my gracious Queen. May I beg permission to withdraw ?

QUEEN.

You deceive us, and are more unwell than you acknowledge—you are fatigued with standing. Assist her, Countess, to a seat.

EBOLI.

I shall be better in the open air. [Exit.

QUEEN.

Follow her, Countess—'tis a sudden illness. (*A Page enters and speaks to the Duchess, who then addresses the Queen.*)

OLIVAREZ.

The Marquis of Posa, may it please your Majesty. (*The Queen starts.*)—He comes from the King.

QUEEN.

Admit him. (*Page admits the Marquis, and exit.*)

SCENE II.

Marquis of POSA. The FORMER.

(The Marquis kneels on one knee before the Queen, who makes a sign to him to rise.)

QUEEN.

What are the King's commands? May I receive them publicly?

MARQUIS.

My message is to your Majesty in private. *(The Queen beckons to her ladies, who withdraw.)*

SCENE III.

The QUEEN. Marquis of POSA.

QUEEN.

Can I believe my eyes, Marquis? You! You commission'd to me from the King!

MARQUIS.

Does your Majesty think that so strange?

QUEEN.

The world has surely deviated from its course. The King and you!—Indeed——

MARQUIS.

It may sound strange.—The present times abound in wonderful events.

QUEEN.

Scarcely is any more surprising.

MARQUIS.

Might I not have suffered myself to be converted? Might I not be tired of acting in the court of Philip a part so singular? He who would serve mankind, must descend to their own level, and lay aside the idle distinctions of a sect. Might I not wish, since no one is wholly free from vanity, to raise my own opinions to the favor of the throne?

QUEEN.

No, Marquis, no. Not even in jest would I accuse you of so wild a project. You are not mad enough to undertake a thing impossible to be effected. But what I chiefly blame you for, Marquis—what I can scarce believe you guilty of—is——

MARQUIS.

Duplicity?

QUEEN.

Most probably the King's is not the only message, which you bring.

MARQUIS.

No.

QUEEN.

And can dishonourable means promote a virtuous cause? Can your exalted soul—pardon this doubt—stoop to so low an office? I cannot think it.

MARQUIS.

Nor I, if my business here were to deceive the King. But that I mean not; I wish to serve him now more faithfully than even he himself commands me.

QUEEN.

Such conduct I expected from you. Enough of this.—How is the King?

MARQUIS.

It seems, that I may now retaliate on my severe judge. What I was slow in telling, methinks your Majesty is in no haste to hear. But I must execute my commission. The King requests, that you would not grant to-day an audience to the ambassador of France. This is the business, which I come upon.

QUEEN.

And have you nothing else to tell me from him?

MARQUIS.

Nothing else which entitles me to be here.

QUEEN.

I will not venture to investigate a secret, which I perhaps ought not to learn.

MARQUIS.

True, Madam—yet were you other than yourself, I should hasten to inform you of certain things—to caution you against certain persons—but all this, to you, is useless. Danger may rise and disappear around you; you will not even perceive it. It deserves not to chase away the golden slumbers from your angel brow. Nor was it that, which brought me hither. Prince Carlos—

QUEEN.

How did you leave him?

MARQUIS.

Like the sage, whose only crime it is to worship truth. Carlos is not less firm in his affection, nor less ready to sacrifice for it his life. I bring few words—but here, here is himself. (*Presenting a letter to the Queen.*)

QUEEN.

(*After having read it.*)—He must speak with me, he says.

MARQUIS.

And so say I.

QUEEN.

Will it make him happy, to see with his own eyes, that I am wretched?

MARQUIS.

No, but 'twill make him more resolute and active.

QUEEN.

How!

MARQUIS.

The Duke of Alva is appointed to command in Flanders.

QUEEN.

So I have heard.

MARQUIS.

The King cannot retract. We know the King; the resolutions, which he once has taken, are irrevocable as the laws of nature. Yet it is true, the Prince must not remain here—certainly not now—nor must Flanders be sacrificed.

QUEEN.

How can you prevent it?

MARQUIS.

I know a way—but the means are little better than the present danger. It is daring as despair.—But there is no other.

QUEEN.

Tell it me.

MARQUIS.

To you alone, my Queen, can I reveal it. From you alone would Carlos hear it without abhorrence. Its name indeed is terrible—rebellion.

QUEEN.

Rebellion!

MARQUIS.

He must secretly betake himself to Brussels, where the Flemings, with open arms, are ready to receive him. All the Netherlands will rise at his command. His victories will shake the Spanish throne: and the King will grant to him in Brussels, what he refused him in Madrid.

QUEEN.

Will he? Have you such certain hopes of that?

MARQUIS.

He will be forced to it. The power of the Netherlands, to stand against the force of Philip, may easily be calculated. But the event cannot be so fatal. Europe will interfere, to reconcile the father and the son. Carlos will be moderate in his proposals.—The King may choose between magnanimous concession, and doubtful contest. How can he hesitate? The same man, who spurn'd a just petition, will overlook a crime.

QUEEN.

Can you, who saw him but just now, think that?

MARQUIS.

I think so, because I just now saw him.

QUEEN.

(*After a pause.*)—The plan which you propose, is

at once terrible, and pleasing—you may be right—the thought is bold, and 'tis perhaps that very boldness, which charms me.—Does the Prince know of it ?

MARQUIS.

It was my intention, that he should hear it, for the first time, from you.

QUEEN.

'Tis a great plan—perhaps the Prince's youth—

MARQUIS.

That will be no obstacle—he will find there the bravest generals of the Emperor Charles—Egmont and Orange—men no less wise in council, than daring in the field.

QUEEN.

Yes—the thought is great and daring—the Prince must act—I feel he must. The chains, which bind him in Madrid, cannot but depress a noble spirit. I promise him the alliance of France and Savoy. Yes, Marquis! The Prince must act. But this design requires the aid of money.

MARQUIS.

Even that is ready.

QUEEN.

I too could assist you in procuring it.

MARQUIS.

May I then give him hopes of seeing you?

QUEEN.

But how are we to meet?

MARQUIS.

Where common means fail, we must resort to those which are unusual.

QUEEN.

I know of none.

MARQUIS.

The subterraneous passage?—

QUEEN.

The King keeps the key.

MARQUIS.

If that be all the difficulty—

QUEEN.

I will consider of it.

MARQUIS.

Carlos is anxious, Madam, for an answer. I promised him, not to return without it. (*Offering a writing tablet to the Queen.*) Two lines will be sufficient.

QUEEN.

(*After having written.*)—Shall I see you soon again?

MARQUIS.

As often as you command.

QUEEN.

But how have you obtain'd this liberty?

MARQUIS.

I enjoy it—is that not sufficient for your Majesty?

QUEEN.

How much should I rejoice, if through his efforts, freedom might find a refuge still in Europe!

MARQUIS.

(With transport.)—Oh! I knew that I should here be understood! *(The Duchess of Olivarez enters.)*

QUEEN.

(In a distant manner, to the Marquis.)—Whatever comes from my Lord the King, I shall honor as a law. Lay before his feet his servant's most respectful acquiescence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Gallery.

Don CARLOS and Count LERMA.

CARLOS.

Here we are undisturbed. What have you to disclose to me?

LERMA.

Your Highness had a friend at this court.

CARLOS.

A friend!—I knew not that.

LERMA.

I must intreat your Highness' pardon, if I have learnt more than I should have done. But there's no hazard in the information—I did not gain it from a second person.

CARLOS

To whom does it relate?

LERMA.

To the Marquis of Posa.

CARLOS.

Well!

LERMA.

If he is entrusted with any secret by your Highness, as I almost fear he is.—

CARLOS.

You fear it?

LERMA.

He was with the King.

CARLOS.

With the King?

LERMA.

For two whole hours, in secret conversation.

CARLOS.

Indeed!

LERMA.

They seem'd to talk on matters of importance.

CARLOS.

That is most probable.

LERMA.

I heard your name often repeated.

CARLOS.

That bodes me no harm, I trust.

LERMA.

His Majesty too spoke this morning of the Queen, in most mysterious terms.

DON CARLOS.

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CARLOS.

Count Lerma !

LERMA.

When the Marquis left the King, I received orders to admit him, in future, unannounced.

CARLOS.

Indeed ! That is remarkable !

LERMA.

Beyond example, since I have served the King.

CARLOS.

'Tis remarkable indeed—and how, said you, the Queen was mentioned ?

LERMA.

That, Prince, would be a breach of duty.

CARLOS.

Strange, that you should tell me one thing and conceal the other !

LERMA.

The first I owed to you, the other to my Sovereign.

CARLOS.

You are right.

LERMA.

I have always known the Marquis to be a man of honor.

DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Then you knew him well.

LERMA.

His virtue was spotless, until this moment of trial.

CARLOS.

And in that too.

LERMA.

When the favor of a great Monarch is cast into the balance, it may make the question doubtful. Often have firm principles been shaken by such temptation.

CARLOS.

True.

LERMA.

It is sometimes prudent to reveal what cannot longer be kept secret.

CARLOS.

Yes. Prudent.—But you say, you have always found the Marquis a man of honour—

LERMA.

If he be so still, my doubts cannot degrade him, and you gain doubly, Prince. (*Going.*)

CARLOS.

(*Following him, and pressing his hand.*)—Generous, worthy man! I find myself a friend the richer; nor have I lost the one whom I possess'd.

[*Exit Lerma.*]

SCENE V.

Don CARLOS. Marquis of POSA entering the gallery.

MARQUIS.

Carlos !

CARLOS.

Who calls me ? Ah ! 'tis you ! I was hastening to the monastery. Follow me thither quickly.
(*Going.*)

MARQUIS.

Only two words.

CARLOS.

If we should be overheard—

MARQUIS.

Fear not ! I shall have quickly ended—The Queen——

CARLOS.

You were with my father.

MARQUIS.

I was. He sent for me.

CARLOS.

Well !—

MARQUIS.

'Tis settled. You will see her.

DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

And the King! What would he have?

MARQUIS.

Not much. Curiosity to know who I am—the officiousness of some well-intentioned friends—in short, he offer'd to employ me.

CARLOS.

Which you declined?

MARQUIS.

Certainly.

CARLOS.

How did you part?

MARQUIS.

As friends.

CARLOS.

Did the conversation relate to me?

MARQUIS.

Yes—in general terms. *(He gives the writing tablet to the Prince.)* Here are two lines from the Queen; to-morrow I shall learn where, and how—.

CARLOS.

(Reads it in a hurry, puts it in his pocket, and is going away.)—You will find me at the priory.

MARQUIS.

But stay! why in such haste? no one is coming hither.

CARLOS.

(With a forced smile.)—Have we exchanged characters? You are very secure to-day.

MARQUIS.

To-day! Wherefore to-day?

CARLOS.

And what was it, the Queen wrote to me?

MARQUIS.

Have you not this moment read it?

CARLOS.

I?—Oh! Yes.

MARQUIS.

What is the matter with you?

CARLOS.

(Reads the tablet again—then, with transport)—Angel of Heaven! Yes, I will—I will be worthy of thee. Love elevates great souls. Be it what-e'er it may, what thou commandest, I will perform.—She writes to me, that I must prepare for a great resolution. What can she mean? Dost thou not know?

MARQUIS.

If I knew it, Carlos, is your mind prepared to hear it?

CARLOS.

Have I offended thee? Pardon me, Rodrigo.
I was distracted.

MARQUIS.

Distracted! By what?

CARLOS.

By—I know not what. I keep this tablet?

MARQUIS.

No. On the contrary, I come to ask you for
your own.

CARLOS.

Mine. Wherefore?

MARQUIS.

And whatever trifles you have besides, which
should not fall into a third person's hands—letters,
or memorandums—in short, your whole port-
folio.

CARLOS.

But wherefore?

MARQUIS.

In case of accidents—You may be surprised—
They will not inquire for them of me.

CARLOS.

Strange indeed! Why, all at once, this——

MARQUIS.

Be not alarm'd. It means nothing. A mere precaution against danger.

CARLOS.

(*Gives him the portfolio.*)—Take good care of it.

MARQUIS.

That I will certainly.

CARLOS.

Rodrigo, I give thee much.

MARQUIS.

Yet not so much as you before have given me—
The rest we'll talk of yonder—Meantime, farewell—(*Going.*)

CARLOS.

(*As if struggling with some doubts, calls him back.*)
—Give me again the letters. There is one among them, which she wrote to me, when I was dangerously ill at Alcala. I have always worn it near my heart. 'Twould cost me much to part with this letter. Leave me only that, and take the others with you. (*He takes it out, and returns the portfolio to the Marquis.*)

MARQUIS.

Carlos, I do this unwillingly. It was that very letter, which I most wish'd for.

CARLOS.

Farewell!—(*He walks a few steps slowly, and in silence; then stops a moment at the door, turns back, and gives the letter to him.*)—There it is. (*His hand trembles; tears start into his eyes. He falls on the neck of the Marquis, and presses his face against his bosom.*)—My father cannot feel thus. No, my Rodrigo! No, indeed he cannot!

[*Exit, hastily.*]

SCENE VI.

MARQUIS *alone.*

Is it possible? Have I not studied him perfectly? Has this one shade escaped my notice? Distrust toward his friend! Can such a breath fully this polish'd mirror? O no! I wrong him. He did nought to me, deserving such an accusation. It is I who am distrustful—My conduct may well have appear'd strange to him. This unaccustomed mystery perhaps may pain him.—I cannot free thee, Carlos, from this embarrassment. I must afflict thy feeling soul for some time longer.

The King has confided to me a secret, and this confidence demands my gratitude.—And wherefore speak, when silence will not increase the sufferings of Carlos—nay, will diminish them? Why awaken the traveller, to point out to him the impending tempest? Enough for me, that I can avert it from his head. Sleep then in peace, until the heaven is calm! [Exit.

SCENE VII.

The KING's Apartment.

The KING, seated. The young Princess CLARA EUGENIA beside him.

KING.

No. She is still my daughter. How can nature thus lye like truth! These blue eyes are mine. I recognise myself in every feature. Child of my love!—for, such thou surely art—I press thee to my heart. Thou art the offspring of my blood—(*Starting.*)—My blood! What can I fear worse? Are not my features his? (*He takes up the miniature, looks alternately at it, and at a mirror, which hangs opposite to him—at last he throws the picture on the ground,*

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and rises hastily, pushing from him the Princess.)
Away! Away! In this abyfs I'm loft.

SCENE VIII.

Count LERMA. The FORMER.

LERMA.

Her Majesty is in the antichamber.

KING.

Now?

LERMA.

Yes, Sire. And requests a gracious audience.

KING.

What! Now? Now? At fo unusual an hour!
No. I cannot fee her now.

LERMA.

Here is the Queen herself.

[*Exit Lerma.*]

SCENE IX.

The KING. The PRINCESS. The QUEEN, entering.

(The child runs to caress her mother, who kneels before the King. He remains silent and confused.)

QUEEN.

My lord—my husband—I must—I am compelled to seek for justice from your throne.

KING.

Justice!

QUEEN.

I am unworthily treated at this court. My scrutoire has been broken open.

KING.

What!

QUEEN.

And things, which I much value, have been taken away—

KING.

Things that you much value!—

QUEEN.

On account of the interpretation, which bold Ignorance might put on them.

KING.

Interpretation!—Ignorance!—But rise.

QUEEN.

Not before you, my husband, have promised to exert your royal power, in procuring for me satisfaction—or to dismiss me from a court, where those, who thus insult me, are protected.

KING.

I pray you, rise! In this posture—Rise!

QUEEN.

(*Rising.*)—That it must be a person of distinction, is certain; for in the same cabinet lay a large treasure in pearls and diamonds; but letters only were taken out.

KING.

Letters!—None that you wish'd to have conceal'd from me?

QUEEN.

No, my husband. There were letters and a miniature from the Prince.

KING.

From whom?

QUEEN.

From the Prince, your son.

KING.

To you?

QUEEN.

To me.

KING.

Letters from my son—and you tell me of them?

QUEEN.

Why not, my husband?

KING.

With this brow of innocence?

QUEEN.

Why should that surprise you? You cannot have forgotten those letters, which the Prince wrote to me at St. Germain, with the permission of both courts. Whether that permission extended to the picture, which he sent, or whether his own wishes prompted him to such a step, I know not. If 'twas a fault, it surely was most pardonable; for then he could not think, 'twas for his mother.

KING.

(Aside, as he is going away, much irritated.)—
The serpent! She's always in the right—Oh, I knew it would be thus.

QUEEN.

(Following, and taking him by the hand.)—What is the matter with you?

PRINCESS ROYAL.

(Having picked up the miniature, and played with it, brings it to the Queen.)—Look, look, mamma! How pretty!

QUEEN.

What! Mine!—*(She recognises the miniature, and remains in speechless astonishment; both look at each other, with fixed eyes.)*—Indeed, Sire, this way of trying a wife's heart is great and noble—But I should wish to ask one question—

KING.

It is for me to question you.

QUEEN.

Let not my suspicions fall on the innocent. If this theft was committed by your order—

KING.

It was.

QUEEN.

Then have I none to blame, and none to pity—No one but you, since you possess a wife, on whom such artifices are thrown away.

KING.

This language is not new to me. But, Madam, you cannot a second time deceive me, as you did in Aranjuez. That angel purity which so haughtily rejected accusation—I know it better now—

QUEEN.

What mean you?

KING.

Why did you remove your attendants?—Only to care for your child?

QUEEN.

My sovereign, how must I understand you?

KING.

Briefly, then, Madam, and without reserve—Did you speak with no one there?

QUEEN.

Yes. I spoke with Prince Carlos.

KING.

You spoke with him? Now, then, 'tis manifest. Are you so daring, so regardless of my honor?

QUEEN.

Honor, Sire! Long before King Philip call'd me wife, I was King Henry's daughter. I fear

that honor was most disregarded, when Castile was given me as a dowry.

KING.

Why did you deny his presence?

QUEEN.

Because I am not accustom'd, Sire, to be interrogated as a delinquent, in the presence of your courtiers. I shall never deny the truth, when it is ask'd of me with kindness and respect—But, were those the accents of your Majesty in Aranjuez? Are your grandees the tribunal, to which a queen must answer for her private conduct? I granted to the Prince the meeting, which he so earnestly requested. I did it, Sire, because I thought it right—because I do not look on custom as a law, in actions which are innocent: and I conceal'd it from you, because I wish'd not to contend with your Majesty for this freedom, in presence of your court.

KING.

Madam, you speak boldly.

QUEEN.

And let me add, because the Prince scarce finds even in a father's heart that kindness—that indulgence, which he deserves.

KING.

Deserves!

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QUEEN.

For, why should I deny it, Sire?—I esteem him highly, and love him as a dear relation, who once was thought worthy to bear a name still dearer. I have not yet learnt, that this alone is a sufficient reason to regard him as a stranger. If your policy can knit together what bonds it chooses, know, that to dissolve them is a task more difficult. I will not hate another, at command. And—since I'm forc'd to speak—I will no longer bear such dictates. Compulsion shall not make me disesteem those, who deserve my friendship. I may be driven to extremes——

KING.

Elizabeth, you have seen me in weak moments; and their remembrance now emboldens you. Your glass, too, which reflects your beauty, adds to that boldness. You trust to the power of those charms, which have so oft subdued me. But fear the more!—That which has seduced me to be weak, may hereafter rouse me to madness.

QUEEN.

What is my crime?

KING.

(Taking her by the hand.)—If it be so—And is it not already?—If the full, accumulated measure of your guilt become but a breath heavier—If I be

F F

deceiv'd—(*Lets go her hand.*) I can overcome the last remains of weakness. I can, and will. Then woe to me, and you, Elizabeth!

QUEEN.

What crime have I committed?

KING.

Then blood may flow—I care not.

QUEEN.

Is it come to this? O God!

KING.

All Christendom shall shudder at the deed—I shall forget myself—shall regard no usage—no voice of nature, and no law of nations—

QUEEN.

How greatly do I pity you!

KING.

Pity! The pity of a harlot!

PRINCESS.

(*Clinging to her mother, with terror.*)—The King is angry, and my dear mother weeps.

KING.

(*Pushing the child violently from the Queen.*)—Go, and complain to your father!

QUEEN.

(With mildness and dignity, but with a faltering voice.)—This child, at least, I must secure from cruelty.—Come with me, my daughter! *(She takes her in her arms.)* If the King no longer will acknowledge thee, I must call from beyond the Pyrenees protectors for thy helpless innocence.

(Going.)

KING.

Queen!

QUEEN.

I can no longer bear it—'Tis too much—*(Hastening to the door, she falls down, with the child, upon the threshold.)*

KING.

(Running to her assistance.)—Heavens! Elizabeth!—

PRINCESS.

(Crying out with terror.)—She bleeds—Oh! my mother bleeds! *(Runs out.)*

QUEEN.

Is there no one to lead me from this chamber?

KING.

(Anxiously occupied in assisting her.)—What a dreadful accident! You bleed?—Do I deserve so

severe a punishment?—Rise! collect yourself!—
 Rise! they are coming—they will surprise us.
 Rise! Shall my whole court view such a scene?
 Must I intreat you to rise? *(She raises herself, supported by the King.)*

SCENE X.

*The FORMER. ALVA, FERIA, LERMA, and
 DOMINICK, entering.*

KING.

Let the Queen be conducted to her apartment.
 She is unwell. *(Exit Queen attended by Feria and
 Lerma. Alva and Dominick advance, as if uneasy.)*

ALVA.

The Queen in tears, and blood upon her face!—

KING.

Do those devils, who have misled me, wonder
 at that?

ALVA AND DOMINICK.

We?

KING.

They who have said enough to drive me mad;
 but nothing to convince me.

ALVA.

We gave you, what we ourselves possessed.

KING.

May hell reward you! I have done what I repent of.—Was her's the language of a guilty conscience? Does a criminal bear such a countenance?

MARQUIS OF POSA.

(Without.) Can I see the King?

SCENE XI.

The FORMER. Marquis of Posa.

KING.

(Starts up, on hearing the voice of the Marquis, and advances to meet him.) Ha! here comes the man I want. Welcome, Marquis! Duke, I need you no longer; leave us. *(Alva and Dominick look at each other, with silent astonishment.)*

MARQUIS.

This, Sire, I own, disappoints my hopes.—In the affair which brought me hither, I depended on this nobleman's support. *(With a respectful bow, to the Duke.)*

KING.

(Forcibly, to Alva and Dominick.) You know my pleasure. Depart!

[Exeunt Alva and Dominick.]

SCENE XII.

KING. *Marquis of Posa.*

KING.

You were desirous, Marquis, to amend what had done amiss—I praise your good intention.

MARQUIS.

Sire, that old general, who in twenty battles has defied death for you, must esteem it hard to be supplanted by a youth.

KING.

It becomes you so to think, and me to act as I have done. You have been more to me in a few hours, than he in a whole life. I will not keep my satisfaction secret. The lustre of my royal favor shall shine full upon you. The man whom I have chosen for my friend, I will see envied.

MARQUIS.

Would you so, though merit should be his only title?

KING.

What came you now to tell me?

MARQUIS.

Passing through the antichamber, a horrid ru-

mor struck my ear—it seem'd indeed incredible—
of a dispute—blood—and the Queen—

KING.

Come you from her ?

MARQUIS.

'Twould shock me, if the rumor were not untrue ; if your Majesty have done aught—I have made discoveries of importance, which wholly change the face of the affair.

KING.

Ha !

MARQUIS.

I found an opportunity to get at the portfolio of the Prince, containing papers, which I hope may throw some light—(*He gives the portfolio of Don Carlos to the King.*)

KING.

(*Looking over it.*)—A letter from the Emperor, my father—How ! a letter, of which I do not remember to have ever heard. (*After perusing it, he lays it aside, and continues his search.*) The plan of a fortification.—Detached sentences from Tacitus—and what is here ? I ought to know this hand : it is a female's (*He reads it attentively.*)—"This key—the farthest apartments of the Queen's pavilion"—Ha ! what means that ?—"Here the voice
" of love—the—timid lover—a rich reward"—In-

fernal treachery! Now I see it plainly—It is she—
—It is her hand—

MARQUIS.

The Queen's? Impossible!

KING.

The Princess Eboli's!

MARQUIS.

Then the page Henarez spoke true, who own'd
to me, not long since, that he carried this letter
and a key.

KING.

(Grasping the Marquis's hand, in great emotion.)—
Marquis, I see, that I am in dreadful hands. This
woman—I own it, Marquis—'Twas this woman
that broke open the Queen's scrutoire. 'Twas she
that gave me my first suspicions. Who knows
how deeply the monk may be engaged in it? I
am deceived by cursed villainy.

MARQUIS.

It was, then, fortunate—

KING.

Marquis! Marquis! I begin to fear that I have
wrong'd my wife.

MARQUIS.

If there be a secret understanding between the

Queen and Prince, 'tis surely with far different views, than those of which she is accused. I have certain information, that the Prince's wish to go to Flanders originated with the Queen.

KING.

I ever thought so.

MARQUIS.

The Queen has ambition. May I say more? She sees, with some resentment, her aspiring hopes deceiv'd. She sees herself excluded from a share of empire. The Prince's youthful ardor becomes a mean of furthering her deep-laid projects. Her heart—I doubt if she can love.

KING.

I do not dread her schemes of policy.

MARQUIS.

Whether the Prince loves her—or whether we have aught worse to dread from him—are questions, which deserve investigation. To this point our vigilance must be directed.

KING.

I entrust that care to you.

MARQUIS.

If your Majesty esteems me capable of such a

task, I beg, that it may be entrusted to my hands, without restriction.

KING.

It shall be so.

MARQUIS.

That in the steps, which I may think necessary, I may be thwarted by no coadjutors.

KING.

By none. I pledge my word to you. You've been my guardian angel. How many thanks I owe you for this news! (*Lerma enters—the King to him.*) How did you leave the Queen?

LERMA.

Scarce yet recovered from her swoon. (*He eyes the Marquis, doubtfully.*)

KING.

I will be with her immediately—Let her be inform'd so. (*Exit Lerma, the Marquis looking after him with some uneasiness.*)

MARQUIS.

Yet one precaution appears needful. The Prince may receive some warning; for he has many friends — perhaps connections in Ghent among the rebels. Fear may lead him to desperate resolves.—I therefore think, some speedy measure should be taken, to guard against an accident.—

KING.

You are quite right. But how?

MARQUIS.

Your Majesty may deposit in my hands a warrant of arrest, to be employed, when any danger threatens.

KING.

The step is somewhat bold—I doubt if—

MARQUIS.

Let it remain a secret.

KING.

(After signing the warrant.) The kingdom is at stake—pressing danger will justify uncommon measures. Here, Marquis!—I need not advise you to be mindful of the Prince's dignity.

MARQUIS.

(Receiving the warrant.)—Sire, 'tis only for the last extremity.

KING.

Go! go, my dear Marquis!—Restore quiet to my heart, and slumber to my pillow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

*A Gallery.**Don CARLOS, entering in a violent agony.**Count LERMA.*

CARLOS.

I have been seeking you.

LERMA.

And I your Highness.

CARLOS.

Is it true? In God's name, is it true?

LERMA.

What!

CARLOS.

That he pointed a dagger at her—that she was
 carried from his chamber, streaming with blood.—
 By all the saints in heaven, answer me! What
 must I believe? What truth is in it?

LERMA.

She swoon'd, and graz'd her skin in falling.
 'Twas nothing more.

CARLOS.

Is there no other danger? No other, Count?
 Answer, upon your honour.

LERMA.

None to the Queen—but more, much more to you.

CARLOS.

None to my mother! Heaven be thanked!—
I heard a dreadful rumor, that the King raved
against both child and mother—that some impor-
tant secret was discover'd—

LERMA.

The last perhaps is true.

CARLOS.

Is true! What mean you?

LERMA.

Prince, I gave you this day a warning, which
you despised. May you profit better of the second.

CARLOS.

How!

LERMA.

If I err not, Prince, a few days since, I noticed
in your hands a portfolio of azure velvet, work'd
with gold.

CARLOS.

Yes.—I have such a one.—Well?

LERMA.

Upon the cover, a portrait set with pearls—

CARLOS.

Right—Go on!

LERMA.

As I unexpectedly enter'd the King's cabinet, methought, I saw that same portfolio in his hand, the Marquis of Posa standing by—

CARLOS.

(Much struck—after a short pause, with warmth.)
It is not true.

LERMA.

(Indignantly.)—Perhaps then I am a traitor.

CARLOS.

(After looking stedfastly at him for some time.)
Yes. Thou art.

LERMA.

Ah, Prince! I can pardon it from you.

CARLOS.

(Walks up and down in violent agitation—at last stands still before him.)—O man! thou dealest in a hellish trade. How had he injured thee? How had the guiltless bonds of friendship injured thee; that with officious zeal thou try'st to rend them?

LERMA.

Prince, I respect the sorrow, which makes you thus unjust.

CARLOS.

O God! O God! Preserve me from suspicion!

LERMA.

I remember, as I enter'd, some words escaped the King. "How many thanks," said he, "I owe you for this news!"

CARLOS.

Oh! Cease! Cease!

LERMA.

The Duke of Alva, too, they say, is fallen.—The great seal is taken from Ruy Gomez, and given to the Marquis.

CARLOS.

(*Musing.*)—And he conceal'd it from me! Why from me?

LERMA.

The whole court gaze on him with admiration, as an all-pow'rful minister, a favorite of unbounded influence,

CARLOS.

He lov'd me—greatly lov'd me. I was dear to him as his own soul. Oh! That I know—Of that I have had proof indubitable—But shall the happiness of Millions yield to One? Shall not his country outweigh the fate of Carlos? He has made of me a sacrifice to virtue. And shall I murmur?

—Now, now, then, it is certain. Now I have for ever lost him.

LERMA.

My dearest Prince, Can I not serve you ?

CARLOS.

Go to the King ! Go you, too, and betray me. I have nothing now to give.

LERMA.

What ! Mean you to abide the consequences of this event ?

CARLOS.

Oh ! I have lost him—then am I poor indeed !

LERMA.

Prince, will you not consider of the means of safety ?

CARLOS.

Safety !—Alas, good man !—

LERMA.

And do you fear for no one else ?

CARLOS.

Heavens ! Wherefore call that to my remembrance !—My mother !—The letter which I gave him—which I at first refused, and after gave him ! How could she deserve it of him ? He

should have spared her. Lerma, should he not?
—I will see her—will warn her of her danger.
Lerma, my dear Lerma! Whom can I send
to her? Are there no means—Quick! Call the
Marquis!

LERMA.

Call whom?

CARLOS.

Oh! God!—

LERMA.

And the King is still with her.

CARLOS.

Have I then no friend? No friend at all?
Ha! God be praised! Still one—one friend re-
mains—and I have nothing now to lose.

[*Exit hastily.*]

LERMA.

(*Following and calling after him*)—Prince! whi-
ther go you?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XIV.

The Princess of Eboli's apartment.

Princess of EBOLI. DOMINICK, entering.

DOMINICK.

Have you heard, Princess?

EBOLI.

Heard what? Your looks affright me, confessor.

H H

DOMINICK.

The new minister, that we have.

EBOLI.

How! are these tidings true, which fill with wonder the whole court?

DOMINICK.

And you will have your share in them—much good attend you! Your sway has lasted but a night.

SCENE XV.

The FORMER. Duke of ALVA, entering.

ALVA.

I am ready to pierce my heart with rage. 'Twas I myself, who brought him to the King.

DOMINICK.

No one could have thought it.

ALVA.

So much the worse! The man so vers'd in artifice, as to lull you and me to sleep, can do much more.

DOMINICK.

We are "no longer needed," Duke—you heard those words?

EBOLI.

How could it happen?—So suddenly!—I cannot comprehend it.

ALVA.

What would I now give for an enemy such as the Prince!

DOMINICK.

Well said, by Heaven! I understand you—you read my very thoughts, Toledo.

ALVA.

I say, at bottom he is good.

DOMINICK.

And so say I.

ALVA.

And worthy of a better fate.

DOMINICK.

I have long thought so.

ALVA.

Come with me, confessor!

DOMINICK.

Whither? What mean you?

ALVA.

To annihilate my own projects, begin anew, and bring them once more to maturity. [Exit.

DOMINICK.

And you Princess! Are you silent?

EBOLI.

Do what seems good to you. I can never be his friend. (*Dominick follows the Duke.—Immediately afterwards Carlos enters at the opposite door.*)

SCENE XVI.

Princess of EBOLI. Don CARLOS.

CARLOS.

(*To the Princess, who starts on seeing him.*)—Be not affrighted Princess! I shall be mild and harmless as an infant.

EBOLI.

Prince! This surprise——

CARLOS.

Are you still offended? still?

EBOLI.

Prince!

CARLOS.

Are you still offended? I beseech you, tell me!

EBOLI.

What can this mean? You seem, Prince, to forget—What would you with me?

CARLOS.

(Grasping her hand.)—Dear maiden! Canst thou hate eternally? Does injured love ne'er pardon?

EBOLI.

(Endeavouring to disengage herself.)—Of what would you remind me, Prince?

CARLOS.

Of thy own goodness and my ingratitude—ah! I know it well. Much have I injured thee, dear maiden—have tortured thy soft heart, and from thy angel eyes drawn precious tears.—And now alas! 'tis not repentance leads me hither.

EBOLI.

Prince, leave me!—I——

CARLOS.

I come, because thou art a soft and tender maiden; because I trusted to thy spotless soul. Think, dearest maiden, think, I have no friend—no friend in all this world but thee! Thou who wast once so kind—thou canst not always hate me, thy displeasure is surely not eternal!

EBOLI.

(Turning away her face.)—O cease! for God's sake cease, Prince.

CARLOS.

Let me remind thee of those precious days—Let me remind thee of thy love—thy love, sweet maiden, which I so unworthily offended. Let me once more appear to thee, as I was wont—as the fond visions of thy heart had pictured me. Yet once again—once only—place my image, as it was then, before thy soul, and offer to this idol a sacrifice, thou canst not make to me.

EBOLI.

Oh! Carlos! how cruelly you play with my feelings!

CARLOS.

Be nobler than thy sex! Forgive an insult! Do, what no woman e'er has done before thee; and what no woman e'er will equal. I ask of thee an unexampled favor. Grant me—upon my knees I beg it—grant me two moments with my mother!
(He throws himself on his knees before her.)

SCENE XVII.

The FORMER. Marquis of POSA rushing in, follow'd by two OFFICERS of the King's Guard.

MARQUIS.

*(Breathless and agitated, stepping between Carlos and the Princess.)—*What has he confess'd? Believe him not!

CARLOS.

*(Still on his knees, with a more solemn voice.)—*By all that's sacred!—

MARQUIS.

*(Interrupting him with vehemence.)—*He raves—he raves. Why will you listen to a madman?

CARLOS.

*(More loud and urgent.)—*It is a question of life and death. Conduct me to her!

MARQUIS.

*(Pulling the Princess violently away.)—*You die, if you but listen to him. *(To one of the Officers.)* Count Cordua—in the King's name—*(showing the warrant.)* there is your prisoner. *(Carlos stands as if thunderstruck. The Princess utters a shriek of terror. A long and deep silence. The Marquis,*

trembling violently, and scarce able to speak—to the Prince.) I request your Highness' sword——Princess Eboli you must remain ; and *(To the Officer.)* let no one speak to the Prince—no one—nor speak yourself, on peril of your life ! *(He whispers a few words to one of the Officers—then turning to the other.)* I shall instantly hasten to the Monarch, and render an account to him—*(To Carlos.)*—And to yourself, Prince. Expect me in an hour.

(Carlos suffers himself to be led away, without manifesting any signs of consciousness, except that in passing he casts a languid, dying look on the Marquis. The Princess endeavours to escape, but the Marquis pulls her back by the arm.)

SCENE XVIII.

Princess of EBOLI. Marquis of POSA.

EBOLI.

For Heaven's sake, let me leave this place.

MARQUIS.

(Restraining her—with a terrible solemnity.)
Wretch ! What said he to thee ?

EBOLI.

Nothing. Nothing at all—let me——

MARQUIS.

What hast thou learnt? There is no way to escape—Thou shalt not tell it in this world again.

EBOLI.

Great God! What mean you? Would you murder me?

MARQUIS.

(Drawing a dagger.)—Yes; that is my resolve. Be short.

EBOLI.

O heav'nly mercy! what crime have I committed?

MARQUIS.

(Pointing his dagger at her breast.)—It yet is time. As yet, the fatal secret has not pass'd her lips. Destroy her, and 'twill still remain unknown.—A woman's life against the destiny of Spain! This blow, O God! I'll justify before thy judgment seat.

EBOLI.

(Having sunk down beside him.)—Why do you hesitate? I implore no mercy—no. I have deserved to die, and I am ready—

MARQUIS.

(Lets his hand fall gradually—after some reflec-

tion.)—'Twould be as cowardly as barbarous.—
No! no! God be prais'd! There is another way.
(*Drops the dagger, and hurries away. The Princess
rushes through another door.*)

SCENE XIX.

An apartment of the Queen's.

QUEEN.

(*To the Countess of Fuentes.*)—What a tumult in
the palace! Every noise to-day alarms me. Go,
Countess, see what it means, and hasten back to
tell me! (*The Countess goes—at the same moment
the Princess of Eboli enters.*)

SCENE XX.

The QUEEN. Princess of EBOLI.

EBOLI.

(*Breathless, pale, and wild—she falls on her knees
before the Queen.*)—Help! help! O Queen! He's
seiz'd—

QUEEN.

Who?

EBOLI.

The Marquis of Posa, in the King's name, ar-
rested him.

QUEEN.

Arrested whom?

EBOLI.

The Prince.

QUEEN.

Thou art mad.

EBOLI.

This moment, they are leading him away.

QUEEN.

And who arrested him?

EBOLI.

The Marquis.

QUEEN.

Heaven be prais'd, that 'twas the Marquis!

EBOLI.

What! are you still unmov'd and calm? O Heavens! you do not apprehend—you do not know—

QUEEN.

True! I know not the cause of his arrest.— Doubtless it was some error, to which his youthful rashness urged him.

EBOLI.

No! no! I know it better. No, O Queen! It was a cursed deed—there is no chance of pardon—he must die!

QUEEN.

Must die !

EBOLI.

And it is I that murder him.

QUEEN.

Must die ! Thou ravest. Think what thou art saying !

EBOLI.

And wherefore—wherefore dies he !—Oh, had I known that it would come to this !

QUEEN.

(Affectionately, taking her by the hand.)—Princess, your senses are distracted. Collect your trembling spirits ; and tell me calmly—not in those horrid images, which fright my inmost soul—tell me what know you ? what has happen'd ?

EBOLI.

Oh ! show not to me this heavenly condescension ! This kindness, Queen, tortures my conscience like the flame of hell. I am unworthy to lift up my eyes toward such radiant purity. Oh, crush the wretch, who agonised by shame, remorse, and self-reproach, writhes at your feet !

QUEEN.

Unhappy woman ! What have you to confess to me ?

EBOLI.

Angel of light ! sweet faint ! you do not know the demon, on whom you've smiled with so much loveliness.—Learn, then, 'twas I—I was the thief, that robb'd you.

QUEEN.

You !

EBOLI.

And gave the King those letters.

QUEEN.

You !

EBOLI.

And dared accuse you.—

QUEEN.

You ! You could do this ?

EBOLI.

Revenge—love—madness—I hated you, and loved the Prince.

QUEEN.

And did you this, because you loved him ?

EBOLI.

Because I had confess'd to him my love, and met with no return.

QUEEN.

Now it is all unravell'd.—Rise!—You loved him—I already have forgiven you—I have forgotten all—Rise! (*Holding out her hand to the Princess.*)

EBOLI.

No! no! a horrible confession still remains, I will not rise, great Queen, till——

QUEEN.

What have I yet to hear? Speak.—

EBOLI.

The King!—Seduction!—Oh! you turn away. I read abhorrence in your looks.—The crime with which I charged you—I myself was guilty of that crime.

(*She sinks on the ground and covers her face. The Queen withdraws in o her cabinet. After some time the Duchess of Olivarez comes out of the cabinet, and finds the Princess in the same posture. At the noise of her approach, the latter starts up.*)

SCENE XXI.

Princess of EBOLI. Duchess of OLIVAREZ.

EBOLI.

O heavens! She has left me. I am undone!

OLIVAREZ.

Princess Eboli——

EBOLI.

I know your business, Duchess. You come hither from the Queen, to let me know my sentence—Be quick——

OLIVAREZ.

I am commanded by her Majesty, to take your cross and key.

EBOLI.

(Takes from her breast a golden cross, and delivers it, with the key, to the Duchess.)—May I not once more kiss the hand of the best of queens?

OLIVAREZ.

In the convent of St. Mary, you will learn, what fate awaits you.

EBOLI.

(With a flood of tears.)—Shall I never see the Queen again?

OLIVAREZ.

(Embraces her—turning away her face.)—Farewell! *(She departs hastily. The Princess follows her to the door of the cabinet, which is locked as soon as the Duchess has entered. The Princess casts herself on her knees before the door, and after remaining some time silent and motionless, rises, and hastens away.)*

SCENE XXII.

The QUEEN and the Duchess of OLIVAREZ coming from the cabinet.

QUEEN.

Is she gone?

OLIVAREZ.

She is—and in despair. Her fate is dreadful!

QUEEN.

Where can the Countess of Fuentes be detain'd? She ought to bring me information—
(A Page enters, and speaks to the Duchess, who turns to the Queen.)

OLIVAREZ.

The Duke of Alva, and the Confessor Dominick, may it please your Majesty.

QUEEN.

Dominick, and the Duke of Alva !

OLIVAREZ.

They beg the gracious favor of two moments audience——

QUEEN.

What can it be ?—Conduct them to me. (*Exit Page. The Duchess withdraws into the cabinet.*)

SCENE XXIII.

The QUEEN. ALVA. DOMINICK.

ALVA.

If we may be permitted, gracious Queen——

QUEEN.

What is your request ?

DOMINICK.

An anxious concern for your Majesty's illustrious person will not permit us to be silent on an event, which threatens your security.

K K

ALVA.

We hasten, by our timely warning, to counter-act a plot that's laid against you—

DOMINICK.

And to offer you our warmest zeal and service.

QUEEN.

Most reverend Sir, and you, most noble Duke—indeed you much surprise me. I had not expected from Dominick and the Duke of Alva such attachment—But I know how to value it—You say there is a plot, which threatens me. May I ask, who—

ALVA.

We beseech you, be on your guard against the Marquis Posa, who has of late been secretly employ'd by our royal Sovereign.

QUEEN.

I hear with pleasure, that the King has made so good a choice. The Marquis has long been known to me, as a man of worth and talents. The royal favor cannot be bestow'd more justly.

DOMINICK.

We have good reason to think otherwise.

ALVA.

'Tis well known, in what services this man has been employ'd.

QUEEN.

Ha! What mean you? You put my expectation on the rack.

DOMINICK.

Is it long since your Majesty has examined your scrutoire?

QUEEN.

Why?—

DOMINICK.

And have you mis'd nothing of value?

QUEEN.

Wherefore? What I have mis'd, is known to my whole court—But what of the Marquis Posa? What relation has this to him?

ALVA.

A very near one, Madam.—The Prince, too, lost some papers of importance, which were seen in the King's hands this morning, after the Marquis had had a private audience. His Highness is just now arrested, and the Marquis is appointed minister.

QUEEN.

Your news is strange indeed!—Inexplicable!—
To find an enemy, where I ne'er thought of one—
and, on the other hand, two friends, whom I knew
not that I possess'd! I own, indeed, that I
was tempted to impute to you certain kind offices,
which have been done me in the favor of my
husband.

ALVA.

To us?

QUEEN.

To you.

DOMINICK.

To us, Duke of Alva!

QUEEN.

'Tis the more pleasing to me, so soon to find my
error—I had determined to intreat his Majesty,
this very day, to name my accuser—and now it
will be better. I can avail myself of Duke Alva's
testimony.

ALVA.

Of mine? You would not, sure, do that?

QUEEN.

And wherefore not?

DOMINICK.

To counteract the service, which we might do you secretly?

QUEEN.

Secretly! (*With dignified pride.*)—I wish to know, Duke Alva, what secret projects your sovereign's consort can have to form with you?—Or what, with you, most reverend priest?—Think you, that I am innocent, or guilty?

ALVA.

But should the King be not impartial—

QUEEN.

Then I must wait till he becomes so. Happy they, whose consciences may boldly look for justice! (*She curtsies. They withdraw.*)

SCENE XXIV.

The QUEEN. *Marquis of Posa.*

QUEEN.

Ah, Marquis! At last you're come—I'm happy—

MARQUIS.

(His countenance appears disturbed, and of a deadly paleness—his voice falters, and his whole manner is expressive of deep, and violent emotion.)—

Is your Majesty alone? Can no one in the next chamber overhear us?

QUEEN.

No person—Why? What have you to communicate? *(Observing him more attentively, she starts with terror.)—*And what has wrought this change in you? Speak, Marquis!—You make me tremble—all your features seem mark'd with death.

MARQUIS.

You know perhaps already—

QUEEN.

That Carlos is arrested—and, they add, by you—Is it then true? I would believe it from no one, but yourself.

MARQUIS.

It is true.

QUEEN.

By you?

MARQUIS.

By me.

QUEEN.

(After looking at him for some minutes doubtfully.)

—I respect your actions, even though I comprehend them not—But this once—pardon a timid woman—I much fear, you play a dangerous game.

MARQUIS.

And I have lost it.

QUEEN.

Merciful God!

MARQUIS.

Fear not, Queen. He yet is safe; but I myself am lost.

QUEEN.

Oh, Heavens! What am I to hear?

MARQUIS.

Who bade me hazard all upon one doubtful throw? Who bade me with so rash a confidence defy the power of fate? It is not for a mortal hand to guide the helm of chance. Oh, the decree is just!—But wherefore speak I of myself? The time is precious. Even now, perhaps, the inexorable judge counts the last moments of my life.

QUEEN.

The inexorable judge!—And with a tone so so-

lemn! — Marquis, I do not comprehend these words—but they affright me.

MARQUIS.

He is saved. No matter at what price! He is saved; but only for a day, for a few hours—They have cost me dear; let him be sparing of them. He must, this very night, fly from Madrid.

QUEEN.

This night?

MARQUIS.

All is prepared. Horses await him at the Carthusian convent—that convent, which so long has served as an asylum to our friendship!—In these bills is all, that fortune has bestow'd on me. Should more be wanting, you can supply it. Indeed my heart has much, much to unburthen to its Carlos; but time perhaps may fail me—You will see him this evening; therefore I address myself to you.

QUEEN.

For Heaven's sake, Marquis, explain yourself more clearly—Speak not in these mysterious words. Say! What has happen'd?

MARQUIS.

I have yet one thing to communicate to him. In your hands I deposit it.—My lot was such as few possess. I loved a monarch's son. In that

one object my heart embraced the world. I form'd in Carlos' soul a paradise for millions. O lovely thought! But it has pleas'd eternal Wisdom to call me from my beauteous work—Rodrigo soon will be no more: and all the rights of friendship will be transferr'd to love. Here, therefore, here, upon this holy altar, upon the heart of his dear sovereign, do I place my last bequest. Here let him find it, when I am no more. (*He turns away—his voice choaked with grief.*)

QUEEN.

These are the accents of a dying man—They surely flow only from agitated feelings—Yet, if they have indeed a meaning—

MARQUIS.

(*Having endeavoured to collect himself, continues in a firmer tone.*)—Oh! tell him to be mindful of the oath, which in our young enthusiastic days we swore, when on the high altar we broke betwixt us the consecrated wafer. I have accomplish'd mine, have remain'd faithful, even to death—Let him remember his—

QUEEN.

To death!—

MARQUIS.

O bid him realise the vision—the glowing vision

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which friendship pictur'd of a perfect state. Bid him with a daring hand essay to sculpture the yet unshapen marble. Bid him attempt it, though he fail—For centuries shall pass, ere Providence again will seat upon a throne a prince like him—will animate again a favor'd son with such a godlike spirit. Bid him, in manhood, cherish those virtuous dreams of youth. Let not the canker of boasted policy corrode the blossom of this heavenly flower; nor let the wisdom of the dust contend against the inspiration of the Almighty.

QUEEN.

How, Marquis! Whither tend these words?—

MARQUIS.

Tell him, that I lay upon his soul the happiness of millions; that dying, I demand it of him—and I am well entitled to demand it. I might have risen like the god of day, and beam'd new morning light upon this empire. Philip had open'd to me all his heart—He call'd me son. He bade me bear his seal—and Alva's power was no more. *(He stops, and looks for a few moments at the Queen, in silence.)* You weep—Oh! these are tears of joy—But it is past; the glorious prospect's past. I yielded it to Carlos. Sudden and awful was the resolution. One of us must perish; and I will be that one. Seek to know no more.

QUEEN.

Now, now at last I comprehend you—Unhappy man! what have you done?

MARQUIS.

I have purchased a bright summer's day, at the expence of two short evening hours. I have given up the King; for how could he e'er suit my wide-extended views? His bosom is a hard unyielding soil, in which no rose will bloom—To cultivate it, were a childish labour, beneath the dignity of man. Why should I sacrifice the hopes of a luxuriant spring, only to kindle in a northern sky a few faint, wint'ry sunbeams? Why endanger the freedom of whole centuries, only to soften the expiring struggles of an exhausted tyrant? O vain and miserable project! I disclaim it. On my great friend hang all the hopes of Europe. To him do I entrust the fate of Spain, still bleeding beneath the iron sway of Philip. But, woe! woe both to me, and Carlos, if he neglect this duty! Woe to us both, if I have chosen wrong!—If I've opposed the will of Providence, in yielding to him the throne—If——

QUEEN.

Oh, Marquis, say no more! That which you dread, will never happen. I know your friend. I answer for his virtue.

MARQUIS.

This, this it was, which lay so heavy on my heart. No, no, it will not happen. You are the pledge, Queen, that it will not—(*After a pause.*) I saw his luckless passion grow—saw it take root in his young heart. Then might I have overthrown it; but I would not. I nourish'd it for high and noble purposes. The world may censure me; but I repent not. I perceiv'd life, where others saw but death; and in this dark and lurid flame I early recognised a golden beam of hope. I thought, that virtue would quickly ripen, in the fav'ring clime of love; and that the royal fruit, which ages cultivate in vain, would here attain at once perfection.—But when I wish'd to elevate his soul to the sublimest feelings, mortality supplied no picture of them, language no words—then 'twas, that I appeal'd to love.

QUEEN.

Marquis, so wholly was your mind intent upon your friend, that you forgot to think of me. Did you imagine that I was more than woman, when you thus made me his protecting angel, and gave him virtue as his only weapon? You reflected not, how much the heart's endanger'd, by ennobling passion with a name so beauteous.

MARQUIS.

Yes, in all other women—but in one, one only

it is not so. What! Blush you to indulge the pure desire of kindling virtue in another's breast? Shall not the painter gaze with rapturous admiration on the sublime productions of his art? Or does the dulcet harmony, which slumbers in the lute, belong but to its cold unmoved possessor, who knows not to awake its silver tones, and melt at the sweet magic of the song? Truth is created for the sage, as loveliness is for a feeling heart. You were created for each other. This belief no coward prejudice shall make me e'er disclaim. Promise me, Queen, that you will ever love him—that no false shame, or fancied dignity, shall make you stoop to base dissimulation—that you will love him with unwavering faith for ever! Queen, do you make this solemn promise?

QUEEN.

I promise you, that my heart alone shall ever be the judge of my affection.

MARQUIS.

Now I die satisfied—My work is done. (*He bows to the Queen, and is going.*)

QUEEN.

(*Following him with her eyes.*)—You are then going, Marquis—and have not told me, when—how soon—we shall meet again?

MARQUIS.

(Returns, but without looking at the Queen.)—
Yes—we shall surely meet again.

QUEEN.

I understand you, Posa—Why have you done this?

MARQUIS.

It must have been he, or I.

QUEEN.

No! No! You have rush'd headlong into this deed, which you believe sublime. Do not deceive yourself. I know you well. You have long thirsted for it—You care not, though a thousand hearts should break, so that your haughty pride be gratified. Oh! now at length I understand your feelings. It is the love of admiration which inflames you.

MARQUIS.

*(Aside.)—*No! I was not prepared for this!

QUEEN.

Marquis! Are there no means of preservation?

MARQUIS.

None.

QUEEN.

None! O consider well! None possible?
Not even by me?

MARQUIS.

Not even by you.

QUEEN.

Not even if I dared commit a crime—You know
me yet but half—Marquis, I have resolution.

MARQUIS.

I know it well.

QUEEN.

—And are there none?—No means of preservation?

MARQUIS.

There are none.

QUEEN.

(Turning away, and covering her face.)—Go!—
Never more shall I respect a man—

MARQUIS.

(Casts himself on his knees before her, in violent emotion.)—Queen!—O God!—Life still is lovely!
(He starts up, and rushes out. The Queen retires into her cabinet.)

SCENE XXV.

The KING's Antichamber.

The Duke of ALVA, and DOMINICK, walking up and down separately, and in silence. Count LERMA comes out of the King's cabinet.

LERMA.

Has not the Marquis yet appear'd?

ALVA.

Not yet. (*As Lerma is about to return, Don Raimond of Taxis enters.*)

TAXIS.

Count Lerma, announce me to the King.

LERMA.

His Majesty sees no one.

TAXIS.

Say, that I must see him. My business is of the last importance. Hasten! It will admit of no delay. (*Exit Lerma into the cabinet.*)

ALVA.

Dear Taxis, you must accustom yourself to patience. You will not see the King——

TAXIS.

Not see him! Wherefore?

ALVA.

Because you have neglected to obtain permission from the Marquis of Posa, who keeps both son and father prisoners.

TAXIS.

Posa! Why, it is he, from whose hands I received this letter——

ALVA.

Letter! What letter?

TAXIS.

—And who requested me, to forward it to Brussels.

ALVA.

(*With eagerness.*)—To Brussels!

TAXIS.

—I come to lay it before the King——

ALVA.

To Brussels! Did you hear, Dominick? To Brussels.

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DOMINICK.

(*Advancing toward them.*)—That is indeed suspicious.

TAXIS.

And the anxiety, the embarrassment, with which he recommended it to me—

DOMINICK.

Anxiety! Ha!

ALVA.

To whom is it directed?

TAXIS.

To the Prince of Orange and Nassau.

ALVA.

To William?—This is treason, Dominick.

DOMINICK.

It can be nothing else.—O, yes, indeed, this letter must be immediately deliver'd to the King. How great is your merit, worthy man, in this firm attachment to your sovereign!

TAXIS.

Most reverend Sir, I only did my duty.

ALVA.

You did well.

LERMA.

(Coming out of the cabinet, addresses Taxis.)—
The King desires to see you. *(Taxis goes in.)* Is
not the Marquis here?

DOMINICK.

They have sought every where for him.

LERMA.

That's strange indeed!

ALVA. .

Quite unexampled!—The Prince is a state prisoner, and the King knows not the reason of his arrest.

DOMINICK.

The Marquis has not even been here, to give him an account.

ALVA.

What says the King of it?

LERMA.

Not a word. *(A violent outcry is heard in the cabinet.)*

ALVA.

Hark! What noise was that?

TAXIS.

(Coming out of the cabinet.)—Count Lerma!
(They both go in.)

ALVA.

(To Dominick.)—What can they be engaged on?

DOMINICK.

With that cry of terror!—If the intercepted letter—Duke, I suspect some ill.

ALVA.

He sends for Lerma!—And yet he cannot but know, that we are here—

DOMINICK.

Our times are past.

ALVA.

What! Am I not still the same man, to whom all these doors flew open? How changed is every thing about me!—How strange!—

DOMINICK.

(Goes softly to the door of the cabinet, and remains there listening.)—Hush!

ALVA.

All is as still as death. Scarce can we hear them breathe. *(A pause.)* Away! Some one is coming.

DOMINICK.

(*Leaving the door.*)—Methinks, in this awful moment, some mighty question is decided.

SCENE XXVI.

The FORMER, Prince of PARMA, Dukes of FERIA and MEDINA SIDONIA, and several other GRANDEES.

PARMA.

Can we see the King?

ALVA.

No.

PARMA.

No! Who is with him?

FERIA.

The Marquis of Posa, without doubt.

ALVA.

He is just now expected.

PARMA.

We are this moment arrived from Saragossa. Terror prevails through all Madrid. Is it then true?

DOMINICK.

Alas! too true?

FERIA.

Is it true? Is he then arrested by the Marquis?

ALVA.

It is so.

PARMA.

Wherefore? What has happened?

ALVA.

Wherefore! That no man knows, except his Majesty and the Marquis of Posa.

PARMA.

Without the consent of the * Cortes of his kingdom!

FERIA.

Woe to him, who has had a share in this violation of the laws!

ALVA.

Woe to him, say I!

MEDINA SIDONIA.

And I.

The rest of the GRANDEBS.

And all of us.

* A general diet of the states of the kingdom, originally consisting of the nobility, clergy, and deputies (*procuradores*) of the towns, and convened for the purpose of deliberation, in extraordinary emergencies. Since the time of Philip III. they have almost totally fallen into disuse. T.

ALVA.

Who will follow me into the cabinet? I go to throw myself at the King's feet.

LERMA.

(Coming hastily from the cabinet.)—Duke Alva!

DOMINICK.

At last! Heaven be prais'd! *(Alva goes in.)*

LERMA.

(In great emotion.)—If the Marquis comes, the King is not alone; he'll send for him.

DOMINICK.

(To Lerma, around whom the Grandees collect together.)—Count, what has happen'd? You are as pale as a corpse.

LERMA.

Infernal villainy!

DOMINICK.

Villainy! What is it?

PARMA, FERIA, AND MEDINA SIDONIA

(All together.)—What? What is it?

LERMA.

The King shed tears.

DOMINICK.

Tears!

ALL.

The King shed tears! The cabinet bell rings.
(*Lerma goes in.*)

DOMINICK.

(*Hastening after, and endeavoring to detain him.*)—
Count, one word more. He is gone—and we
stand here, chain'd to the spot with apprehension.

SCENE XXVII.

Princess of EBOLI. FERIA. MEDINA SIDONIA.
PARMA. DOMINICK. GRANDEES.

EBOLI.

(*Rushing in with extreme agitation.*)—Where is
the King? Where?—I must speak to him. (*To*
Feria.) Conduct me to him, Duke.

FERIA.

The King is employ'd on most important business. No one can be admitted.

EBOLI.

What? Even now perhaps he signs the fatal
sentence! He is deceiv'd. I will give him proofs,
that he's deceiv'd.

DOMINICK.

Princess Eboli!

EBOLI.

Are you there, priest? Come with me! I have need of you, to confirm my testimony. (*Taking him by the hand, and hurrying him toward the cabinet.*)

DOMINICK.

Me, Princess! Are you in your senses?

FERIA.

Stay! The King cannot hear you now.

EBOLI.

He must hear me—He must hear truth—though he were ten times a deity, he must hear it!

DOMINICK.

Away! away! You hazard every thing. Stand back!

EBOLI.

Man, tremble at the anger of thy idol! I have nought left to hazard. (*Hastening toward the cabinet. The door opens.*)

ALVA.

(*Coming out, his eyes sparkle with pleasure, triumph is in his whole appearance—he hastens to Dominick and embraces him.*) Sing Te Deum in all the churches! The victory is ours.

DOMINICK.

Ours!

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ALVA.

(To all the company.)—Now let us in, and wait upon the King. *(To Dominick.)* You shall hear all from me in private. *(They all go into the cabinet.)*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the royal palace, separated by an iron grate from a large court, in which guards are seen, walking up and down.

Don CARLOS sitting at a table, his head reclined upon his arm. In the back part of the chamber are several officers. The Marquis of POSA enters unperceiv'd by him, and whispers a few words to the officers, who immediately withdraw. He then approaches Carlos, and contemplates him for some minutes in a mournful silence. At length, the Prince, roused from his reverie, looks up, and perceiving him, is struck with a momentary horror—afterwards fixing his eyes stedfastly upon him, he seems lost in doubt and astonishment.

MARQUIS.

IT is I, Carlos!

CARLOS.

(Holding out his hand to him.)—Comest thou even now to me? That, sure, is friendly!

MARQUIS.

I thought, that here thou mightest need a friend.

CARLOS.

Indeed ! And didst thou think of that ? Oh ! it gives me joy unspeakable.—I knew thou still wert kind.

MARQUIS.

So have I ever been to thee.

CARLOS.

True ! 'Tis as I would wish it. Now we know each other fully. Oh, this generous commiseration belongs to noble souls, like thine. For though among my wishes, some should be presumptuous and unjust ; yet wouldst thou not deny me, whatever friendship could bestow. Virtue may oft be hard, but never cruel, never inhuman. I cannot blame thee, if thy duties clash with my fondest hopes.—I know, that thou at least wilt weep for me.

MARQUIS.

Carlos, thou misjudgest me. I have not been unworthy of thy love.

CARLOS.

But I have been of thine.

MARQUIS.

Hear me, Carlos ! I have much to say ; and short will be our time together.

CARLOS.

Oh, speak not of it !—Full well I know, that it

has cost thee much. I know thy soft heart bled, when thou adornedst thy victim for the altar.

MARQUIS.

What mean'st thou, Carlos?

CARLOS.

Thou wilt thyself fulfil the destiny, which was too great for me. Thou wilt bestow on Spain those golden days, which from my hands she would have hoped in vain. But I am lost—for ever lost; and that thou sawest. Oh! this fatal love has scatter'd all the early blossoms of my mind. Thy mighty hopes in me have perished. Chance led thee to the Monarch—with my secret thou hast purchased his unbounded confidence, and may'st henceforth become his guiding angel. I am destroyed; but Spain may flourish.—Ah! here I can accuse nought, but my own mad blindness. I should have known ere now, that thou art no less great than tender.

MARQUIS.

(*After deep meditation.*)—No! That I foresaw not.—I consider'd not, that the generous sentiments of friendship would lead thee farther, than even my own deep-laid plans of policy. I err'd—for I forgot thy heart.

CARLOS.

Yet if it had been possible to spare her fate—Oh, how should I have thank'd thee! Could

I alone not bear the burden? Why didst thou need a second victim? But no more of that—I will not load thee with reproach. The Queen is nought to thee. Thou dost not love her. Thy exalted virtue ought not to consult the petty interests of my unhappy passion, Oh, pardon me—I was unjust.

MARQUIS.

Thou art so, now—Could I deserve one of these suspicions, I had deserv'd them all—and then I should not stand thus before thee. (*He takes out the port-folio.*) Here are some of those letters, which thou entrustedst to my care. Take them again.

CARLOS.

How!

MARQUIS.

I return them, because they now may be more safe with thee.

CARLOS.

What meanest thou? Has the King not read them? Did he not see them?

MARQUIS.

These letters!

CARLOS.

Thou didst not show them all to him?

MARQUIS.

Who told thee, that I show'd him any one?

CARLOS.

Can I have been deceiv'd?—It was Count Lerma.

MARQUIS.

He! Now all is plain.—Count Lerma!—No. He has not learnt to lye. 'Tis true. The other letters are in the King's hands.

CARLOS.

(After looking at him a long time, in speechless astonishment.)—But wherefore am I here?

MARQUIS.

Left thou shouldst a second time make an Eboli thy confidant.—

CARLOS.

(As if awaking from a reverie.)—Ha! now, at last—now it is manifest, as is the light.

MARQUIS.

(Going to the door.)—Who comes?

SCENE II.

The FORMER. Duke of ALVA.

ALVA.

(Respectfully to the Prince, but turning his back on the Marquis.)—Prince you are free. The King has sent me to announce it to you.

MARQUIS.

His Majesty may pardon, or may punish, at his pleasure ; all my surprise is, that the Prince is freed, ere I have had an audience.

ALVA.

(Still disregarding the Marquis.)—And I esteem myself most fortunate, to be the first, Prince, to congratulate——

CARLOS.

As yet I neither know, why I have been arrested, nor why declared at liberty.

ALVA.

Through an error, Prince, to which his Majesty was hurried by some—traitor.

CARLOS.

But it is by the King's command, that I am here?—

ALVA.

Yes ; a command resulting from this error.

CARLOS.

When the King so errs, it well becomes him to repair the fault in person. I am Philip's son. On me the eyes of envious curiosity are fix'd. I will not be thought to owe to your protection, what the King's duty urges him to perform. I am ready to appear before the Cortes.—From an unworthy hand I'll not receive my sword.

ALVA.

The King will not hesitate, to grant your Highness a request so just—if you will but permit me to conduct you to him.—

CARLOS.

I shall remain here, 'till the King comes to lead me from my prison. Go! Take back that answer! (*Alva retires; but remains some time in the court, giving orders to the guards.*)

SCENE III.

CARLOS. *Marquis of POSA.*

CARLOS.

What means all this? Inform me. Art thou not the minister?

MARQUIS.

Thou seest, I have been——Oh, Carlos, it has succeeded! Now is my wish accomplish'd. Heaven be prais'd, it is accomplish'd.

CARLOS.

Accomplish'd! What? What is accomplish'd?

MARQUIS.

(*Taking him by the hand.*)—Thou art saved, Carlos.—Thou art free—and I—

CARLOS.

And thou!

MARQUIS.

Now, now I press thee to my breast, with the full right of friendship—a right, which I have purchased with all that's dear to me. O, Carlos! How great, how lovely is this moment of self-approving joy!

CARLOS.

What sudden change is in thy features! Thy breast heaves proudly, and thy eyes dart vivid fire!

MARQUIS.

These are the transports of success. My career is ended. Now 'tis for thee to enter the race of glory. We must part, Carlos. Oh, be a man! and whatsoever thou hearest, promise me, that no sorrow, unworthy thy great soul, shall make that parting painful. Ours is a long and dreadful separation. Fools call it an eternal one. *(Carlos drops his hand, and remains with his eyes fixed on the Marquis, who continues.)* Be a man, Carlos! I have reckon'd much on thee—I have not even shunn'd to pass with thee this last and awful hour. Yes, Carlos, I have rejoic'd to pass this hour with thee.—Come! let us sit down, I feel myself weak and exhausted. *(They seat themselves—Carlos still continuing lost in deep and silent melancholy.)*—Where art thou? Thou answerest not.—I will be brief.—The

day after our last meeting in the Carthusian monastery, the King sent for me. Of that conference, thou know'st, and all Madrid. But thou knowest not, that thy secret even then had been betray'd to him; that letters, found in the Queen's scrutoire, were brought in evidence against thee; that I learnt this from his own mouth; and that he chose me as his confidant.—Yes, Carlos! with my lips I broke my faith. I myself directed the plot against thee. Thy secret was already known; denial would have been too late. All that remain'd to me, was to frustrate his revenge—and thus did I appear thy enemy, only to serve thee more effectually—Thou hear'st me not!

CARLOS.

Go on! I hear thee.

MARQUIS.

Thus far, 'twas well. But the unaccustom'd beams of royal favor betray'd me to the world. The rumour, as I had foreseen, soon reach'd thy ears—yet I, seduced by a false tenderness, and vainly wishing to pursue my enterprize alone, conceal'd even from thy friendship, the dark and hazardous design. This was the fatal error! Here I fail'd—and my self-confidence was madness.—Pardon that confidence—'twas founded, Carlos, on thy unshaken friendship.—That which I dreaded, happen'd. Thou wast affrighted by

fictional dangers. The wounded Queen—the terror of the court—the unfortunate officiousness of Lerma—and last of all, my strange, incomprehensible reserve, conspired to overwhelm thee with surprise.—Thou wavered'st—thou thought'st me lost. Yet far too noble to doubt thy friend's integrity, thou didst attribute to a glorious motive even his desertion—nor, till thou thus hadst justified his breach of faith, wouldst thou believe him faithless. Then 'twas, that forsaken by him, whom only thou hadst loved, thou sought'st the Princess Eboli.—Alas! thou sought'st a demon; for she it was who first betray'd thee. (*Carlos starts up.*) I saw thee hasten to her—sad forebodings struck on my heart—I follow'd thee. It was too late. I found thee prostrate at her feet. The terrible avowal had pass'd thy lips. There was no way to save thee.—

CARLOS.

No! no! Her heart was moved.

MARQUIS.

Darkness o'erspread my mind. I saw no clue to guide me from this labyrinth—no help. Then, blinded by despair, I spurn'd the dictates of humanity—and rais'd my dagger against a helpless woman. Even in that moment did a glorious thought beam on my soul—a thought inspired by Heaven for thy salvation. “Could I mislead the “King? Turn his suspicions against myself?

“Howe’er improbable, they would rouse his vengeance.—Be it so!—Whilst he pauses, trembling
“at this imagined treachery, Carlos is saved for
“Flanders.”

CARLOS.

And didst thou—didst thou that?

MARQUIS.

I wrote to William Prince of Orange, “that I
“loved the Queen; that I had averted the King’s
“watchful eyes from my own conduct, by direct-
“ing them to thine; and had abused the Mo-
“narch’s favor, to obtain free access to his consort.”
I added, “that thou hadst learnt my passion, and
“hadst hasten’d to the Princess Eboli, perhaps to
“warn the Queen—that fearful of discovery, I had
“arrested thee, and had resolved to fly myself to
“Brussels.”—This letter——

CARLOS.

Thou, sure, hast not entrusted to the post?
Thou know’st, all letters to Brabant——

MARQUIS.

Are deliver’d to the King—and as it seems,
Taxis has already done his duty.

CARLOS.

O God! then am I lost!

MARQUIS.

How, Carlos?

CARLOS.

And thou, O cruel man, art lost with me! Such complicated treachery my father never can forgive. No, never, never!

MARQUIS.

Such complicated treachery? Thou art mad. Who will unfold it to him?

CARLOS.

Who, say'st thou? I myself. (*Going.*)

MARQUIS.

Thou ravest. Stand back!

CARLOS.

Away! away! For God's sake, hold me not! Whilst I stay here, thou diest.

MARQUIS.

So much the more precious is the time. I still have much to say to thee.

CARLOS.

Let me hasten, ere thy doom irrevocably is fix'd.
(*As he is rushing out, the Marquis seizes him by the arm.*)

MARQUIS.

Carlos, was I so scrupulously eager, when, as a boy, thou bled'st for me?

CARLOS.

O heavenly Providence !

MARQUIS.

Reserve thyself for Flanders. Upon thy life depends the fate of nations. My duty is, to die for thee.

CARLOS.

*(With an expression of the warmest sensibility.)—*No ! no ! he will not, cannot resist this—cannot resist such elevated virtue.—I will conduct thee to him. Arm in arm will we appear before him. “Father,” will I say, “this was the sacrifice of friendship.” Surely it will move him ; for he is not—my father is not without humanity. Yes, it will move him. The warm tears will start into his eyes—and he will pardon thee and me.—*(A shot is fired through the grate.)—*Ha ! for whom was that intended.

MARQUIS.

*(Sinking down.)—*I believe—for me.

CARLOS.

*(Falling down beside him, with a loud cry of grief.)—*O God of mercy !

MARQUIS.

*(With a faint voice.)—*He is quick—The King—I had hoped—a little longer—Carlos—think of the means of flight.—Do not forget—of flight.—Thy mother—knows it all—I can no more.—*(He dies—Carlos remains motionless on the ground.)*

SCENE IV.

Don CARLOS. The KING enters, attended by the Dukes of ALVA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA, the Prince of PARMA, Count of LERMA, DOMINICK, and several GRANDEES.

KING.

(Starts on seeing Carlos, and remains a long time in silence; at length in a mild tone.)—Thy request, Prince, has been granted. Here I am come, myself, with the grandees of my kingdom, to announce to thee thy liberty. (Carlos looks up, as if awakened from a dream, casts his eyes alternately on the King, and on the dead body of the Marquis; but makes no answer.) Receive again thy sword.—My son is not in the place which best becomes him. Come to thy father's heart! *(Holding out his hand, to raise him from the ground.)*

CARLOS.

(Takes the King's hand, and rises, as if unconscious of what he is doing; but, on the return of recollection, suddenly starts.) Murder is in thy looks. No! I cannot embrace thee. *(Pushes him back—the Grandees appear agitated.)* Are ye so much affrighted? Why! what horrid action have I done? I have touch'd the anointed of the Lord! Fear not! I will not injure him. Look! On his

forehead is the damning mark. The hand of God has branded him.

KING.

(Hastening away.)—Follow me, Grandees!

CARLOS.

Whither?—Not from this spot, Sire.—*(Detains him, and seizes the sword, which the King had brought with him.—It comes out of the sheath.)*

KING.

Drawest thou thy sword against a father?

All the GRANDEES.

(In confusion, drawing their swords.)—Defend the King!

CARLOS.

(Holding the King with one hand, and the naked sword in the other.)—Put up your swords! What! Think ye, that I am mad? No, no, I am not. Stand back, I pray you. My state of mind admits not opposition—therefore stand back! What I have to settle with the King, concerns not your allegiance.—See! see! he's stain'd with blood!—Here, too! Look here! This is his deed!

KING.

(To the Grandees, who collect anxiously about him.) Retire! Why do ye tremble? Are we not son and father?—I will see what daring crime nature will suffer him—

CARLOS.

Nature!—I know it not. Here is nought but murder. The bonds of sweet humanity are broken. Thou, even thou hast rent them! I cannot honor what thou hast treated with contempt. Oh, see! See here, the foulest deed of blood, that e'er the world has look'd on! Surely there cannot be a God, who rules this universe; or he would ne'er permit such havoc in his fairest works. There never was but one of human race who suffer'd, so unjustly.—And know'st thou what it is, that thou hast done?—Oh, no! He knows it not. He does not know, that he has stolen a life, more precious to mankind, more rich, more noble than millions such as he. Like a base thief, he robbed the sanctuary of its most valued gem, only to sell it for a wretched price.—And must I lose thee thus irrevocably?—Oh, it is horrible!

KING.

(In a mild tone.)—If I have been too hasty, Carlos, thou, for whom I have thus acted, shouldst not accuse me.

CARLOS.

What! Didst thou never guess, how dear to me was he, who here lies dead? Oh, weak in reason, as in feeling!—He who lies here—unfold this mystery, ye nobles, to your all-knowing sovereign—was my friend!—for me he died.

KING.

Ha! my suspicion!

CARLOS.

O pardon me, thou bleeding corse, that I declare it to such ears!—But let the crafty politician blush, that his grey-headed wisdom was over-reach'd even by the judgment of a youth. Yes, Sire! We were as brothers—brothers united by the purest ties, that nature ever knit. A generous friendship was his guide through life, and led him to a great and glorious death. He was my friend, even at the moment, when you boasted of his attachment—when his fascinating eloquence govern'd at will your haughty spirit. Whilst you believed yourself his master, you were but the obedient tool of his extensive projects. My arrest was meditated by him, to insure my safety. For this, he wrote the letter to the Prince of Orange.—O heavens! it was the first deceit of which he e'er was guilty.—For me, he rush'd on death. You lavished on him all your favor; but he died for me. Your heart, your royal confidence, your friendship—all these you forc'd upon him; but 'twas for me he died. Your sceptre was entrusted to his hand; he cast it from him—and died for me! (*The King stands immoveable, his eyes fixed on the ground—the Grandees observe him with timidity and embarrassment.*) And was it possible? Could you give credit to so groveling a deception?

How meanly must he have judg'd of you, to use so coarse an artifice! You dared to call yourself his friend—and yet, you could not bear so light a trial! Oh, no!—No! Such a being was not form'd for you! That he well knew, when he rejected all your proffer'd greatness. In your iron hand, this fine-toned lyre was broken. You could do nought but murder—

ALVA.

(Having long observed the King, with uneasiness, approaches, and speaks timidly to him)—Sire, keep not this deathlike silence! Look around you! Speak to your faithful servants!

CARLOS.

You once were not indifferent to him. Long did you occupy his thoughts. Perhaps, even now he might have made you happy. Such were the boundless riches of his heart, that its o'erflowing liberality sufficed to gratify your utmost wishes. Such the bright radiance of his noble spirit, that its reflected beams had deck'd you in godlike splendor. Oh, you have robb'd yourself of happiness! What would you give, to form again a soul like his? Though you could recall the blooming spring of life; though you could silence the inexorable voice of fate; could live for centuries; nor yield up your crown till the world's final doom—it were in vain! You ne'er could equal the meanest thought of his immeasurable soul. Aged nature, in the

long course of her existence, formed but this one—this one, who here—O Saviour of the world! lies murder'd, at my feet. (*A dead silence, many of the Grandees cover their faces in their mantles.*) O ye, that stand around, speechless with terror and surprise, do not condemn the youth, who thus addresses his king and father!—Look on this bleeding corpse! For me he died.—If ye have tears, if in your veins flows human blood, turn your eyes hither, and condemn me not! (*To the King, more calmly.*) Sire, you expect, with wonder, the conclusion of this bold complaint.—Here is my sword. You are again my king. But do not think I tremble at your vengeance. You may murder me, as you have murdered this most noble man. My life is forfeited. I know it.—But what is life to me? Here I renounce all, that this world can offer me. Go! Seek among strangers for a son! Here lie all my hopes! (*He sinks down beside the dead body.—At a distance are heard a confused noise of voices, a ringing of alarm bells, and the sound of a tumultuous assemblage of men. The Grandees preserve a deep silence: the King casts his eyes round the whole circle; but no one looks at him in return.*)

KING.

What! Will no one answer? Every look cast on the ground! Every face covered! My sentence then is past. I read it in these silent looks. I have been judged by my own subjects. (*The*

tumult comes nearer—A murmur is heard among the *Grandeos*, who cast anxious and doubtful looks at each other—after some time—)

LERMA.

(*In a low voice, to the Duke of Alva.*)—These sounds announce rebellion.

ALVA.

I fear so.

FERIA.

Is not that the alarm?

Several *GRANDEES*.

(*Aloud—hastening to the windows.*)—'Tis the alarm—It sounds from every steeple.

LERMA.

They force their way—They are coming hither.

SCENE V.

The FORMER. An OFFICER of the Life-Guards.

OFFICER.

(*Rushing in.*)—Rebellion! Where is the King? (*He makes his way through the crowd, and*

advances toward the King.)—All Madrid is in arms! The mad populace and soldiery, by thousands, hasten to the palace. 'Tis rumour'd, that Prince Carlos is arrested, and that his life is threaten'd. They demand to see the Prince alive; or all the city will be soon in flames.

All the GRANDEES.

Save—Save the King!

ALVA.

(To the King, who remains silent and unmoved.)
—Fly, Sire! Your life's in danger. As yet, we know not, who has arm'd the populace.

LERMA.

Hasten through the subterraneous passages!

ALVA.

(To the King.)—You answer not. Rebellion, Sire!—Rebellion!—You are still silent!

KING.

(Awaking from his reverie, and advancing with dignity.)—Is my throne yet firm? Am I yet sovereign of this land? No, I am not. These cowards weep, moved by a boy. They only wait the signal to desert me. I am betray'd by rebels.

ALVA.

Sire, what a dreadful thought!

KING.

There! There, kneel before the youthful King!
I am forsaken—old and defenceless!

ALVA.

Is it come to this? (*To the Grandees.*)—Nobles
of Spain! (*They all kneel before the King, with
their swords drawn. Carlos remains on the ground,
beside the dead body.*)

KING.

(*Tearing off his mantle, and throwing it from
him.*)—Cloath him in this royal purple—and bear
him in triumph over my insulted corse! (*He
faints, and falls into the arms of Alva and
Lerma.*)

LERMA.

Help! Help! For Heaven's sake, help!

FERIA.

O God! How fatal an event!

LERMA.

He faints—

ALVA.

'Tis but a swoon. Say not a word of it—Upon
your lives, breathe it no farther!

LERMA.

Rebellion in the heart of his capital—and the kingdom without a head!

ALVA.

Who says that? (*He leaves the King in the hands of Lerma and Feria.*) Attend on him, whilst I restore peace to Madrid! (*Exit Alva. The King is borne off, all the Grandees accompanying him.*)

SCENE VI.

CARLOS. Don LOUIS MERCADO.

MERCADO.

(*Enters, a few minutes after the departure of the King. He looks round him with apprehension, and perceiving Carlos still lying beside the dead body, remains some time in silence, unperceived by him. At length, Carlos looks up, and Mercado addresses him.*)—I come from her Majesty, the Queen. (*Carlos turns away his face, without answering.*) My name is Mercado: I am physician to her Majesty: this is the token of my commission to your Highness. (*Showing a ring—Carlos remains silent.*) The

Queen is anxious to speak to you this day. Considerations of importance——

CARLOS.

Nothing in this world is to me important.

MERCADO.

The directions left by the Marquis of Posa——

CARLOS.

(*Starting up hastily.*)—What say'st thou? Come, instantly!

MERCADO.

No, gracious Prince! Not yet. You must wait 'till night. Every avenue is watched, and all the guards are doubled. It is impossible to reach that wing of the palace unperceiv'd. You would risk every thing——

CARLOS.

But——

MERCADO.

Only one way remains, which the Queen has thought of. This the commissions me to tell you. —But it is bold, strange, and adventurous.

CARLOS.

And that is——

MERCADO.

A report has long prevail'd, that in the secret passages of the palace, the departed spirit of the Emperor, dress'd as a monk, still walks at midnight. The people give credit to this tale; and at these posis, the guards with terror take their stations. If you determine to assume this dress, you may pass freely through the guards, and reach the Queen's apartment, which this key will open. The holy dress will protect you from all interruption. But your resolution, Prince, must be immediate. You will find the gown and mask laid ready in your chamber—I must hasten to bear your answer to her Majesty.

CARLOS.

And the time?

MERCADO.

—Is midnight.

CARLOS.

Say, that she may expect me. [*Exit Mercado.*]

SCENE VII.

Don CARLOS. Count LERMA.

LERMA.

Save yourself, Prince! The King rages furiously against you. Your freedom, if not your life, is menaced. Ask me no farther question. I have stolen secretly away, to warn you. Fly, fly without delay! It yet is time. Soon, it will be too late.

CARLOS.

I resign myself to the care of Heaven.

LERMA.

The Queen just now informed me, that you would leave Madrid this very day, and fly to Brussels. Delay it not. The tumult favors your flight. For this purpose, it was excited by the Queen. No one will now dare to use violence against you. At the Carthusian monastery, post-horses are in readiness; and here are arms, if you should need them for defence. (*Giving him a dagger and pistols.*)

CARLOS.

Count Lerma, I am gratefully indebted to you.

LERMA.

Success attend your journey! The story which you to-day related, has moved my inmost soul. Never was such exalted friendship. There is no patriot that does not weep for you. More I dare not say.

CARLOS.

Count, my murder'd friend call'd you an honorable man.

LERMA.

Once more, success attend you! Better times will come; but I shall be no more. Accept my homage now! (*Kneeling.*)

CARLOS.

(*Raising him.*) Not so—Not so, Count, I am too much moved—

LERMA.

King of my children! Oh, my children will be permitted to die for you! I am not. But in those children, remember me!—May you return in peace to Spain. May you, on Philip's throne, feel as a man; for you have known what 'tis to suffer. Attempt no bloody deed against your fa-

ther. No, Prince!—Philip compell'd his father to yield up the throne: and this same Philip now trembles at his son. Think, Prince, of that!—And so, may Heaven conduct you! (*He departs hastily. Carlos goes a few steps, but suddenly returning, kneels down, and embraces the body of the Marquis. Then takes a ring from one of the fingers; and starting up, hastens out of the room.*)

SCENE VIII.

The KING'S Antichamber.

Evening. The room is lighted. A great number of GRANDEES. ALVA and FERIA enter, in conversation.

ALVA.

The city is now tranquil. How did you leave the King?

FERIA.

In a most dreadful state of mind. He has shut himself within his chamber; and whate'er may happen, will admit no person to his presence. The treachery of the Marquis has changed at once his nature.

ALVA.

I must to him. I cannot now regard his orders.
The great discovery which I have made——

FERIA.

A new discovery?

ALVA.

A Carthusian monk was seen by my guards to steal secretly into the Prince's chamber, and inquire with anxiety about the death of the Marquis. They seized, and put him to the torture: when he confess'd, that he had papers of great importance, which the deceased had enjoin'd him to deliver to the Prince, if before sun-set he himself should not return.

FERIA.

Well!

ALVA.

These letters mention, that Carlos is to leave Madrid ere morning.

FERIA.

What!

ALVA.

That a ship lies at Cadiz, ready to carry him to Flushing.

FERIA.

Ha!

ALVA.

Other letters announce, that the fleet of Soliman will sail from Rhodes, according to a pre-concerted plan, to attack the Spanish force in the Mediterranean.

FERIA.

Is it possible!

ALVA.

Hence, too, I learn the secret object of Posa's travels through all Europe. It was no less, than to arm the northern powers, in the cause of Flanders. There is, besides, a complete plan of the war, which was to separate for ever the Netherlands from Spain. Nothing is overlook'd, all power of opposition calculated, all the resources of the provinces most accurately set down, all the maxims which must be followed, and all the treaties which remain to be concluded. The design is infernal; yet 'tis combined with the most wond'rous judgment.

FERIA.

What deep-laid treachery!

ALVA.

There is also some allusion to a private confer-

ence, which the Prince is to have with his mother, on the evening preceding his departure.

FERIA.

How! This very evening?

ALVA.

Yes. And I have issued orders on this subject; for it admits not of delay. The moments, as you see, are precious.

DOMINICK.

(Advancing toward them.)—Where is the Prince? Are no measures taken to secure him?

FERIA.

(To Alva.)—Have you provided for that?—

ALVA.

I?—No.

DOMINICK.

Think you, the King is not in danger, whilst this madman remains at liberty, and arm'd?

ALVA.

(Going.)—I shall proceed directly to the King's cabinet.

FERIA.

It is in vain. The doors are lock'd.

R R

ALVA.

I must then force them open. The impending danger will justify this violation of respect. The King must be preserved—(*As he is going toward the door of the cabinet, it opens, and the King comes out.*)

SCENE IX.

The KING. The FORMER.

(*All the Grandees make way respectfully for the King, who enters as in a dream, fixes his eyes on the earth, in silence, and at length breaks into an exclamation.*)—Earth! Restore to me thy dead! Give him back to me again!

DOMINICK.

(*In a low voice, to Alva.*)—Speak to him!

KING.

He died despising me. Give him back again! Let him learn to think of me more nobly.

ALVA.

(*Approaching with timidity.*)—Sire——

KING.

Who speaks to me? (*He looks, a long while, sternly around the circle of the Grandees.*)—Have ye forgotten who I am? Why are ye not upon your knees before me? Creatures, as you are! I am yet your King. I will see in you submission. Do all condemn me, because one——

ALVA.

Sire, think not of that unworthy man!

KING.

Unworthy! Who is the madman, that dares allow himself such slander?—Unworthy! By all my hopes of immortality, it were more difficult for thee to equal him, than to attain to spotless innocence.

ALVA.

Grant us a hearing, most gracious Sovereign. A new enemy has risen in the heart of your empire, more formidable than this.

FERIA.

Prince Carlos——

KING.

He had a friend, who dared encounter death for him—A friend, with whom I would have shared my kingdom. O shame, thou fiend-like torturer of slaves, why glows thy ignominious flame in

royal cheeks?—Sacrificed to a boy! Disgraced in the face of my whole kingdom! Rejected as a low-born wretch—as an intruder on his friendship!—

ALVA.

Do you no longer know us, Sire?—Not know your faithful servants?

KING.

With what contempt did the boy look down on me! How proudly was he inflated by this preference! His boundless grief confess'd the greatness of his loss. No! It was not a phantom, to which he would have sacrificed his life, his hopes of empire. He knew his loss—He knew, that even upon a throne its recollection would be misery!

DOMINICK.

(*To Alva.*)—Duke, we must delay no longer—

KING.

Oh, I would give the wealth of India, could he be restored again to life! No! Power, thou canst not stretch thy arm into the tomb—canst not recall the fleeting spirit! The dead return not to us.—Which of you now dares tell me, I am happy? It was your falsehood, which deceived me. The empty tinkling of your praises struck my ear. You made of me an idol, before which you

knelt—The grave holds him, who scorn'd to flatter me. What care I for the living? One man alone, one free and noble being, lived in all my empire. And he despised me.

ALVA.

Spaniards, our lives are useless: let us die at once! Even in the grave, this man possesses the King's heart.

KING.

Why died he not for me? I loved him, greatly loved him. He was to me as a son. In his young mind, methought, there beam'd to me a new and beauteous morning. He was the first object of my admiration, and nobly would I have recompensed him. Though Europe curse me, I have deserved gratitude from him.

DOMINICK.

By what enchantment——

KING.

—And to whom did he thus sacrifice me?—To my son? Oh, no! I'll not believe it. A Posa would not die for him. A Posa's heart was too vast for the poor flame of friendship. It beat for human kind. His love embraced whole ages: yet he refused that power, by which ages might have been benefited. Did friendship cause in Posa this treason against humanity? No. It was not

Carlos, whom he preferred to Philip, but the young pupil, to the aged monarch. The father's ev'ning sunbeam could not ripen the glorious product of his mind; therefore he look'd toward the orient of the son. Oh, it is clear—undoubted! They waited but for my death.

ALVA.

Behold, Sire, the proofs of your opinion, in these letters!

KING.

—But did he not miscalculate? Yes! I thank thee, Nature! I still exist—still feel within my frame the strength of youth—Ha! I will turn their schemes to mockery. His virtue shall be made an empty dream; and his imaginary joys shall all be o'erwhelm'd with ruin—The world is yet my own: and I will so deal forth my thunderbolts of wrath, that on the barren spot which they shall strike, no plant for centuries shall flourish. (*To the Duke of Alva.*) What said you of the Prince? Tell me again! What are these letters?

ALVA.

They contain, Sire, the legacy of the Marquis to Prince Carlos.

KING.

(*After reading the letters.*)—Send for the Grand

Inquisitor. Say, I request an hour's conference with him. (*One of the Grandees goes out—The King again peruses the letters.*)—What! This very night?

TAXIS.

As the clock strikes two, post-horses are order'd to be at the Carthusian monastery.

ALVA.

—And my spies observ'd, that various articles mark'd with the Prince's arms, were carried to the same monastery.

FERIA.

It is said, too, that great sums have been raised in the Queen's name, among the Moorish agents, to be sent to Brussels.

KING.

Where did you leave the Prince?

ALVA.

Remaining by the body of the Marquis.

DOMINICK.

Which he may now perhaps have quitted for business of more importance.

KING.

Is there still light in her pavilion?

ALVA.

All is silent. She has dismissed her attendants sooner than usual. The Duchess of Arcos was the last, who left her, and then the Queen was fast asleep.

(An officer of the Life Guards enters, approaches the Duke of Feria, and whispers something to him. The latter, much surprised, turns to the Duke of Alva, and some others collect round them.)

FERIA, TAXIS, DOMINICK.

How strange !

KING.

What is the matter ?

FERIA.

Something, Sire, which is scarce credible.

DOMINICK.

Two Swiss soldiers, who have just now quitted their posts, report.—The tale is too ridiculous.

KING.

Well !

ALVA.

That, in the left wing of the palace, the Emperor's ghost appeared, and passed them with a slow and solemn step. This report is confirmed by all the centinels, who are placed near the pavilion :

and they add, that it vanished in the Queen's apartments.

FERIA.

It cannot be a mere deception.

KING.

In what dress did he appear ?

OFFICER.

In the monk's habit, which he last wore, in the convent of St. Justi.

KING.

And did the guards know him when alive ? They could not otherwise determine, that 'twas the Emperor.

OFFICER.

That he was the Emperor, was evident from the sceptre, which he bore.

DOMINICK.

'Tis said, he has been often seen, in the same habit.

KING.

Did no one speak to him ?

OFFICER.

No person dared. The affrighted soldiers utter'd a prayer, and respectfully made way for him.

KING.

And the apparition was lost in the apartments of the Queen.

OFFICER.

In the Queen's antichamber.

KING.

(*After a pause to the Grandees.*)—What say you?

ALVA.

Sire, we are silent.

KING.

(*To the Officer.*)—Let all my guards be under arms, and watch every avenue to that wing. I am desirous to see this ghost. [*Exit Officer—a Page enters.*

PAGE.

The Grand Inquisitor, Sire.

KING.

(*To the Grandees.*)—Leave us!

(*The Grand Inquisitor, an old man of ninety, and blind, enters, leaning on a staff, and conducted by two Dominican friars*. The Grandees fall on their knees, as he passes, and kiss the hem of his garment. He gives them his blessing, and they depart; the King follows, bolts the door after them, and returns.*)

* The order of the Dominicans was particularly connected with the inquisition, and much employed in its service. It is said, that their founder first established that formidable tribunal. T.

SCENE X.

The KING. GRAND INQUISITOR.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Am I in presence of the King ?

KING.

You are.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

That, I never more expected.

KING.

Methinks, I now renew the early years of youth, when Philip, the Prince Royal, sought counsel of his instructor.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

My pupil, Charles, your illustrious father, never needed counsel.

KING.

He was the more fortunate. I sent for you, because I have need of your assistance.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Of the church's, or my own ?

KING.

Of the church's power, and your advice.—I have committed murder, and since that time, my mind has known no peace.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What was your motive for that murder ?

KING.

Unexampled treachery.—

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I know it.

KING.

What know you ? From whom learnt you it ? and how long since ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Years ago, I knew, what you have learnt, for the first time, this evening.

KING.

You knew this man, then ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

His every action is noted in the sacred registers of our tribunal.

KING.

And yet you suffer'd him to remain at liberty ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The chains, in which we held him, were certain, though invisible.

KING.

He had already left the limits of my kingdom.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Where'er he went, I watched his steps.

KING.

You knew into what hands I had fallen—why did you not warn me?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Why did you not consult us, ere you entrusted yourself to him?—You yourself knew him. A single glance unmask'd to you his heresy. Why did you defraud the holy office of its victim? Are we thus trifled with? When majesty descends to such concealment; when kings are double-tongued, and league themselves, in secret, with our worst enemies, what must be our fate? If one finds favor, why should thousands perish?

KING.

He too is sacrificed.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No! he is basely murdered. An assassin's hand has shed that blood, which should have flowed to

honor us. He was ours.—What can justify this bold invasion of our rights ? He but existed, to die through us. It was the will of Providence, that, in the punishment of his vaunted reason, he should afford a terrible example to these times. We should have exposed him, torn limb from limb in horrid torture, to the insulting mockery of the multitude. Such was my long premeditated plan : years were employ'd to ripen it, and in one single instant 'twas destroy'd. We have been robbed, and you have but involved yourself in blood.

KING.

Passion impell'd me to it—Oh, forgive me !

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Passion ! Is it a youth, that speaks to me ? or have years pass'd o'er my head alone ?—Passion ! Oh, grant freedom to thy subjects, if thou thyself art thus enslaved !

KING.

In these things I am but a novice. Bear patiently with me !

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No ! I am ill pleased to see you thus disgrace your former merits. Where is that Philip, whose soul was once unalterably fix'd, as the polar star of heaven ? Was all the memory of preceding years obliterated ? Was the whole world new moulded,

in that moment, when you stretched out to him your hand? Was all distinction between good and evil, between truth and falsehood, at once thrown down? What then is resolution? what is firmness? what is the faith of man, if in one weak, unguarded moment, the labor of threescore years shall be annihilated?

KING.

His looks deceived me. Pardon this frailty, from which you are free. Your eyes are closed against the world.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What was there in this man? What attraction had he to boast, before unknown to you? Were you so ignorant of the power of enthusiasm? Was your ear a stranger to the language of these fancied reformers of mankind? If your conviction is shaken by a word, why have you sentenc'd thousands to the scaffold for no other crime?

KING.

I need a human being, not a Dominick—

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Human beings! They are to you mere instruments of greatness. Must I repeat lessons of policy to my aged scholar? He, who would be an earthly deity, must not indulge mortal desires. Remember, that to weep for human feelings, is to acknowledge others as your equals!

KING.

Yes! I am but a man—I feel it. Thou requirest of the creature, what none but the Creator can accomplish.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No, Sire. I am not to be deceived. Your views were seen through—you would have freed yourself from our dominion. Our chains press'd heavily upon you. You would be independent—but we are avenged. Be thankful to the church, which punishes you with the mildness of a mother! The erring choice, which it permitted you to make, was your own chastisement. Now, that you have been instructed by experience, return again to us! If I had not this day appear'd before you; to-morrow, by the God that lives, should you have appear'd before me.

KING.

Priest! Restrain thyself! I will not suffer it. I will not hear such language.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Why, then, would you call up the spirit of Samuel?—I have anointed two monarchs of this empire. I hoped the labor of my days was ended: and it pain'd me, when verging on my hundredth year, to find I had lived in vain. Pardon me, therefore, Sire! and say, why was I summon'd hither? My time is precious. I wish not to repeat this interview;

KING.

One word—it is the last—and I then shall leave thee to thy higher destiny. Therefore, be peace concluded betwixt thee and me. What is past shall be forgotten: and we again are friends.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

When Philip bends submissively—

KING.

My son is suspected of designs against my throne.

GRAND INQUISITOR:

On what do you resolve?

KING.

On all, or nothing.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What mean those words?

KING.

He must escape, or die. (*A pause.*)—Can you invent a creed, by which the murder of a son shall be divested of its horror?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

To appease eternal justice, the Son of God expired upon the cross.

KING.

And can you spread this creed throughout all Europe?

T T

DON CARLOS.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

As widely as the cross is worshipped.

KING.

Offended nature will not be bribed to silence.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

When faith commands, the voice of nature is not heard.

KING.

I resign to you the office of the Judge. I cannot now retreat.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Let me decide upon his fate.

KING.

He is my 'only son!—For whom have I thus labor'd?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Rather for the grave, than for a heretic.

KING.

Your sentiments are mine. Come with me.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Whither?

KING.

To receive the victim from my hand. (*He leads him away.*)

I

SCENE XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

Don CARLOS. The QUEEN. Afterwards the KING
with Attendants.

CARLOS.

(Dressed as a monk, with a mask in his hand, and a naked sword under his arm. He advances toward a door, which opens, and the Queen comes out with a light. He sinks on one knee.)—Elizabeth!

QUEEN.

Do we thus meet again!

CARLOS.

We do thus meet again! *(A pause.)*

QUEEN.

Rise, Carlos! Let us not increase each other's grief. The mighty dead will not be solemnised by fruitless tears. Tears flow for petty sorrows. He offer'd up for you his being. With his dear life he purchased yours, and by this mighty price stamped on it a new value. Shall his blood have flowed in vain? No, Carlos! I have pledged myself for you. On that assurance did he depart more joyfully. Oh, do not falsify my promise!

CARLOS.

I will raise to him a monument, nobler than monarch e'er possess'd. Over his ashes shall bloom a paradise.

QUEEN.

Such was my wish! Such was the noble purpose of his death! He appointed me to watch over the fulfilment of his plans. Remember them; and discharge your awful oath.—Yet one more bequest your dying friend entrusted to me. I gave my word; and wherefore should I swerve from it? To me did he resign his Carlos—I defy the censure of the world; and will no longer tremble before mankind. Carlos, I have dared to meet you at this lonely hour. My boldness is that of friendship.—He called our passion virtue—and I believe him. My heart shall speak—

CARLOS.

Hold! Mother! Let not untruth contaminate these lips. You knew that godlike man, Elizabeth! The woman, who deserves my adoration, cannot descend from him to me.—Mother, we will not deceive ourselves. Long was I sunk in a delusive dream—the dream of love. Now, now I am awaked. Forget the past!—Here are your letters. Destroy my own. Dread nothing more from my emotions: they are extinct. A purer fire glows through my whole existence. My passion dwells in the silent tomb; mortal desires shall

no more find place within this bosom. (*A pause—he takes her by the hand.*) I came to bid farewell to you.

QUEEN.

(*With struggling emotions—her eyes turned away, and her voice faltering.*)—Carlos!—

CARLOS.

Be not astonish'd, mother! This victory has not cost me even a pang. I have learnt that there are joys more high and heavenly, than thy possession. A few hours have borne me farther in the career of glory, than all my former years. Henceforward, my life will have no solace, but the remembrance of his friendship. This, this will be the great reward of all my labors. I need no other recompence.—Mother, you make me no reply!

QUEEN.

Regard not these, my tears, O Carlos. I cannot restrain them. Believe me, I admire you.

CARLOS.

To you alone our bond of friendship was reveal'd. This thought will make you dearer than the whole world to me. But if Providence e'er place me on the throne, my father's widow shall be sacred. (*The King, attended by the Grand Inquisitor, and several courtiers, appears in the back part of the chamber, without being perceived by the*

Queen and Carlos.) I hasten to leave Spain; and never whilst I live shall I again behold my father. Nature is extinct within my bosom. Be you again his wife—his son is lost to him for ever. I fly to snatch an injured nation from the grasp of tyranny. Madrid shall never see me more, but as her king.—And now a long farewell! *(They embrace.)*

QUEEN.

O Carlos! how my inmost soul is moved!—I cannot, dare not soar to such a height of greatness—but I contemplate your noble mind with wonder.

CARLOS.

Am I not firm, Elizabeth? I fold thee in my arms, and waver not. But yesterday, the sound of the last trumpet should not have torn me thus from thee. *(Withdrawing from her embrace.)* Now, that is past, and I defy all mortal danger. I have held thee in my arms, and waver'd not.—Hark! What noise was that?

QUEEN.

What?

CARLOS.

Heard you not some one breathe behind us? Hark! *(A clock strikes.)*

QUEEN.

I hear nothing, but the dreadful bell, which tolls our separation.

CARLOS.

Adieu, then, mother! From Ghent you shall receive the first letter, which will make known my secret enterprize. I go to dare King Philip to an open contest. Henceforth, there shall be nought between us, at whose discovery you need tremble. Adieu! This is my last deception. (*Taking up his mask—the King steps between them.*)

KING.

It is thy last. (*The Queen sinks down in a swoon.*)

CARLOS.

(*Rushing forward, and catching her in his arms.*)—
She is dead!—O heaven and earth!

KING.

(*To the Grand Inquisitor.*)—Cardinal! I have done my duty.—The rest is yours. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

*In a few Days will be published (printed uniformly
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